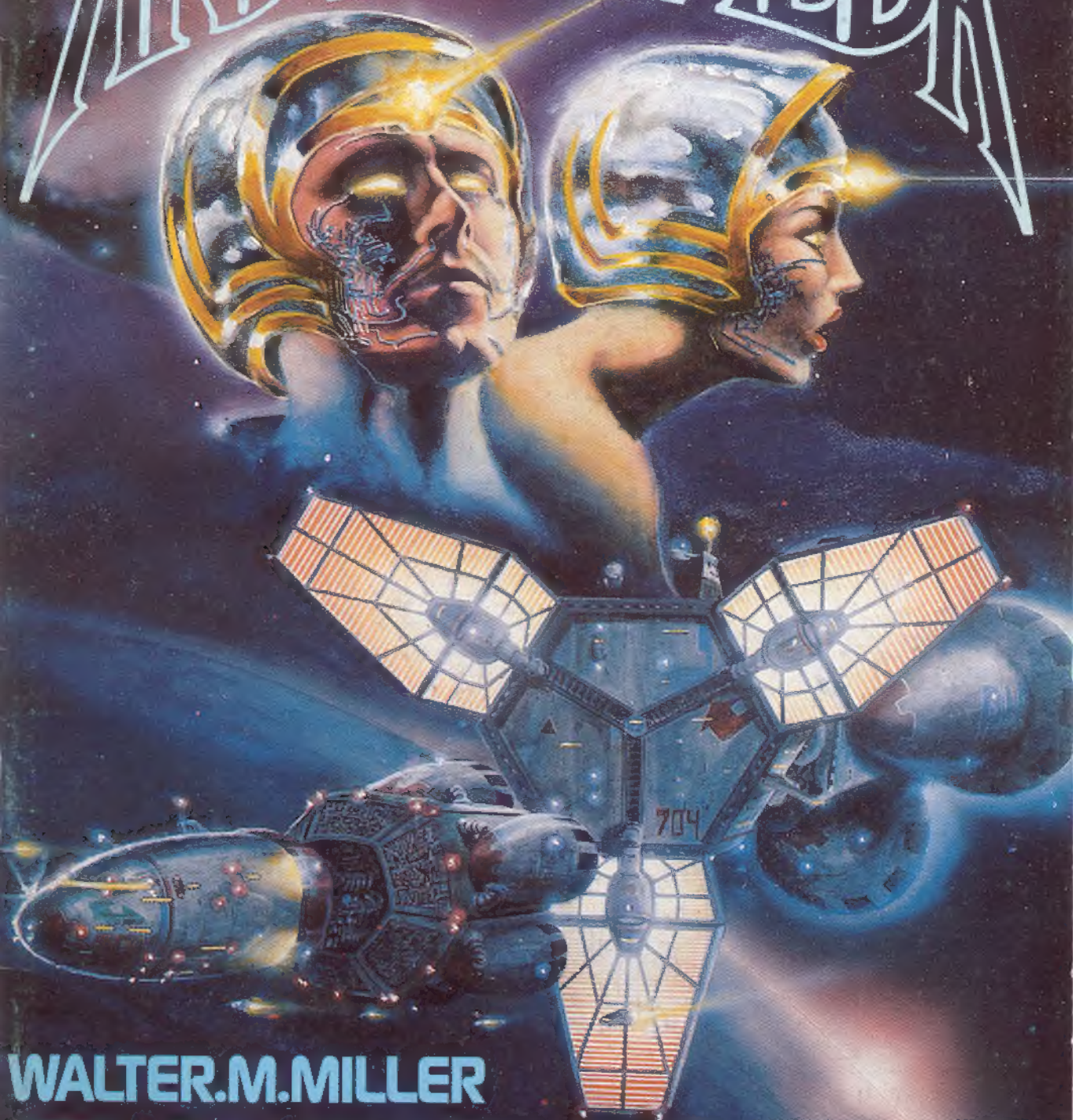


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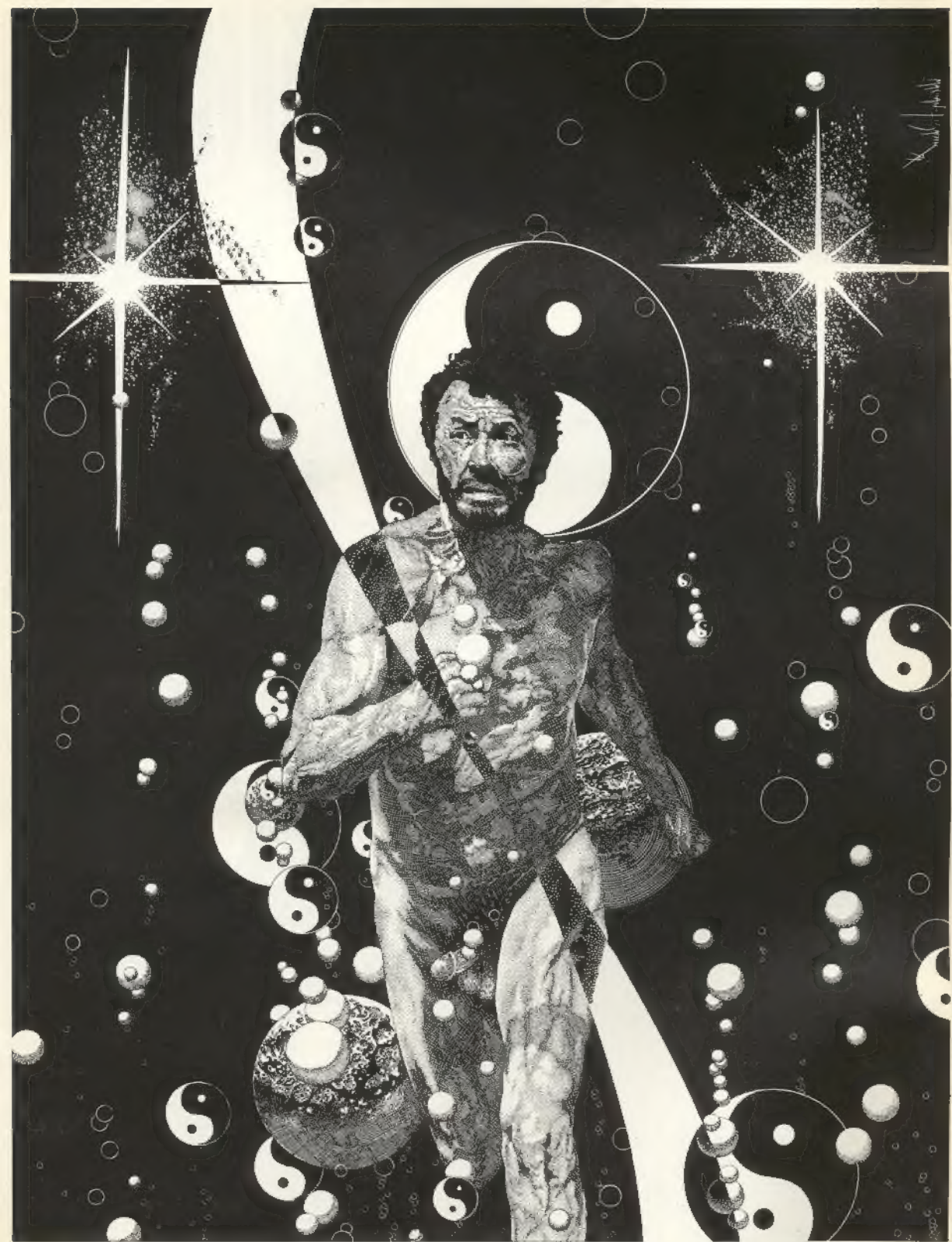
\$1.25

ANDROMEDA



WALTER.M.MILLER

THE BIG HUNGER



After a couple of months of delays we're finally able to bring you the fifth issue of *Andromeda*. Response has been very heartening, both from you, our readership and from the professional community.

Hopefully, we will soon be able to bring you original stories by some of the top Science Fiction/Fantasy authors as well as adaptations of their previous works.

There are, as always, a lot of people responsible for what you now hold in your hands. They know who they are. Thanks!

THE BIG HUNGER by Walter M. Miller, adapted by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tony Meers **2**

When I first read this story with thoughts of adapting it to comics format I was a little hesitant. When b.p. came back with the script things started to look better. Now you can see the final result, handled so admirably by Tony. Judge for yourself. It's a strange story... or is it just a story?

KLANG-KLANG by Derek Carter **27**

Chances are that if you've not seen Derek's work at some time, you've at least heard his thick accent thundering through the streets of Toronto. Derek has been with us from the beginning, waiting in the wings, as it were. Grumbling, and kicking at the dirt. Both *Andromeda* and the Canadian comic book community owe a great deal to Mr. Carter — and we are proud to present, at last, "Klang-Klang".

THE VISIT by Don Marshall **31**

Don has become quite a regular with us. Here he presents a two-page short story from his future history "The Targan Terror". More episodes will be appearing in upcoming issues of *Andromeda*.

THE BELLERAGON VERSION by b.p. nichol, illustrated by Tom Nesbitt **33**

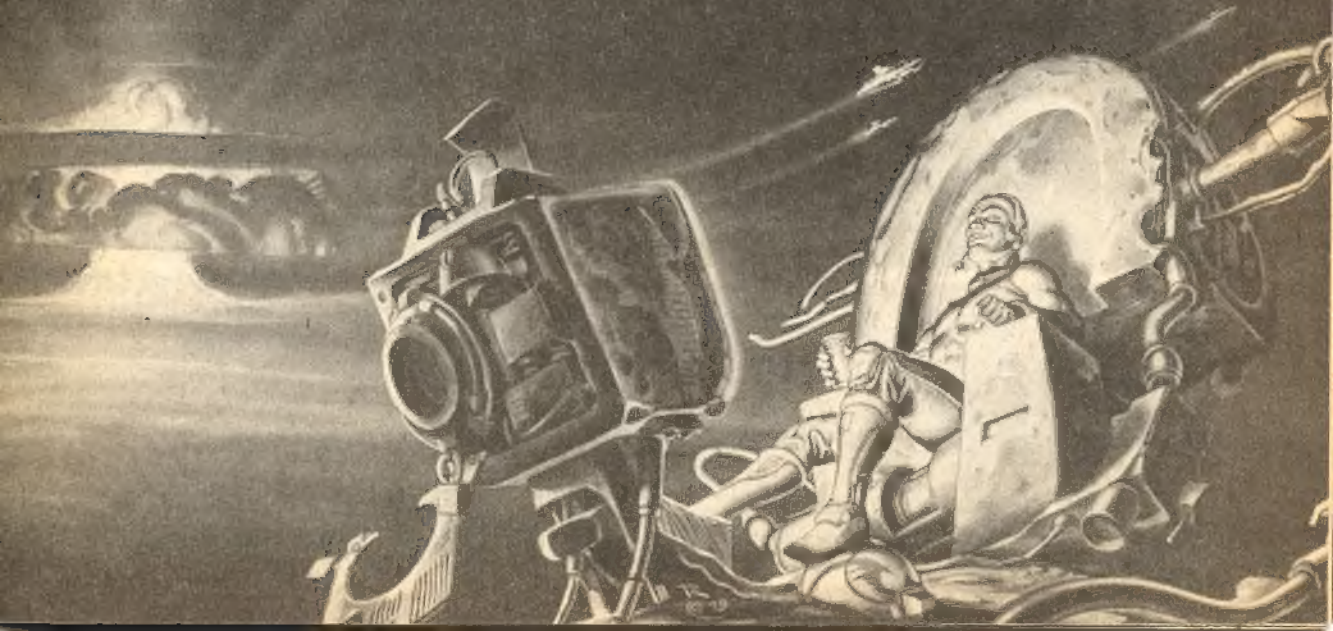
Messrs. Nichol and Nesbitt have once more combined their awesome talents to bring us this fascinating, if somewhat familiar tale. Quiz time: Original story by a) Hans Christian Anderson b) The Brothers Grimm c) Other.

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 5, June 1979. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics, 159-321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Matter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1979 John Allison. Frontispiece © 1979 Robert MacIntyre. The Big Hunger © 1979 Walter M. Miller used with the kind permission of his agent Harold Matson Company Inc. Illustration © 1979 Tony Meers. Klang-Klang © 1979 Derek Carter. The Visit © 1979 Don Marshall. The Belleragon Version © 1979 b.p. nichol and Tom Nesbitt. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Freely Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

Cover by John Allison

Frontispiece by Robert MacIntyre

Contents Page by Paul Rivoche



I AM BLIND, YET I KNOW THE ROAD TO THE STARS.

SPACE IS MY HARP, AND I TOUCH IT LIGHTLY
WITH MY FINGERS OF STEEL... SPACE SINGS.

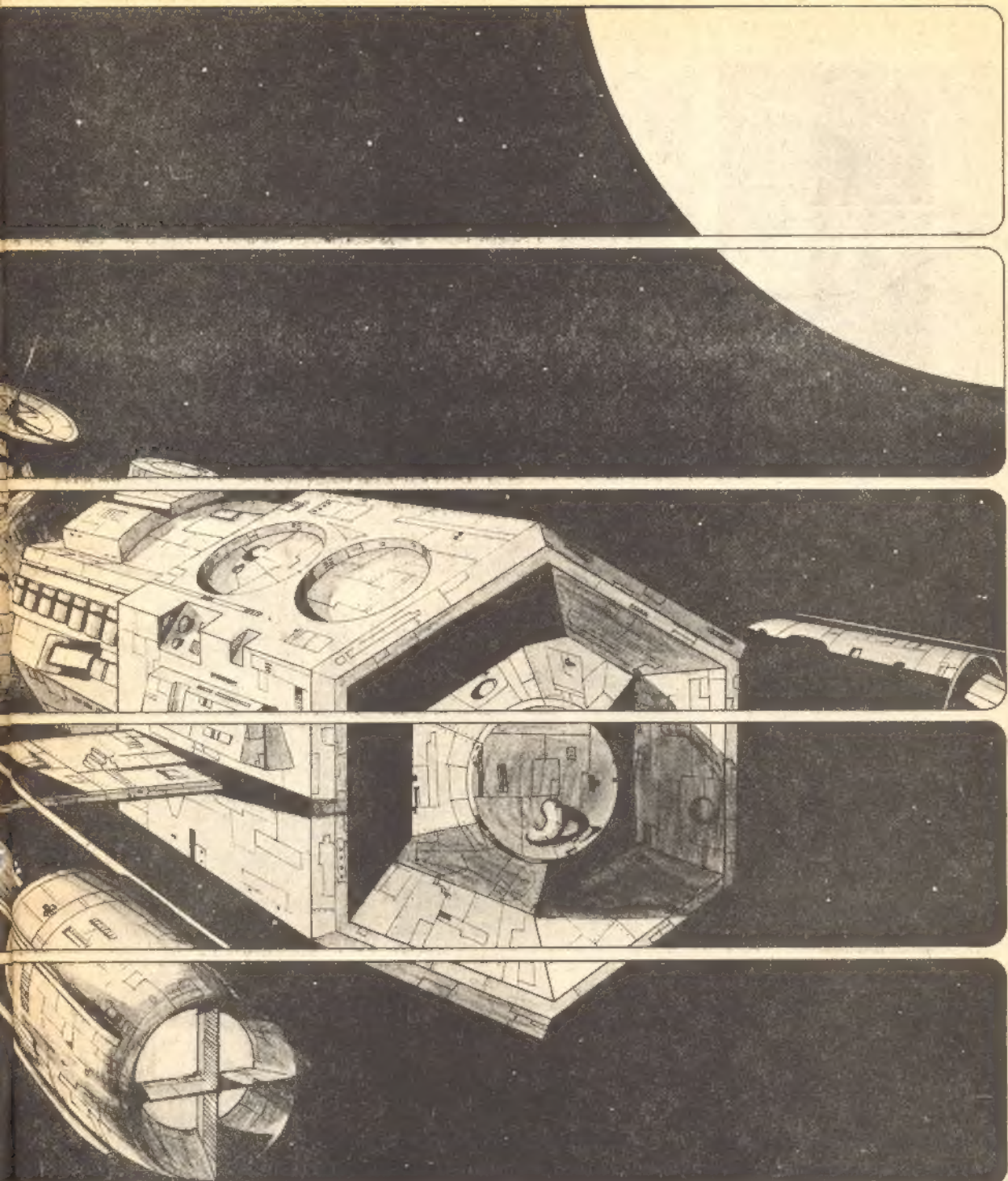
ITS MUSIC QUIVERS IN THE FLUX PATTERNS,
COMES CREEPING ALONG THE TWITCH OF A
POSITRON STREAM, COMES TO WHISPER IN
GLASS EARS. I HEAR. AIEE!

THOUGH I AM WITHOUT EYES, I SEE THE STARS TANGLED
IN THEIR FIELD-WEBS, TANGLED INTO ONE.

I AM THE SPIDER WHO RUNS OVER THE WEB.

I AM THE SPIDER WHO SPINS, SPINNING A SPACE WHERE NO STARS ARE.





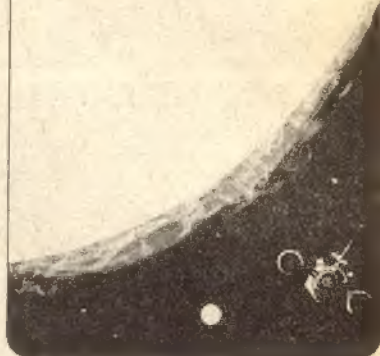
AND I AM HARPIST TO A
PALE, PROUD MASTER.



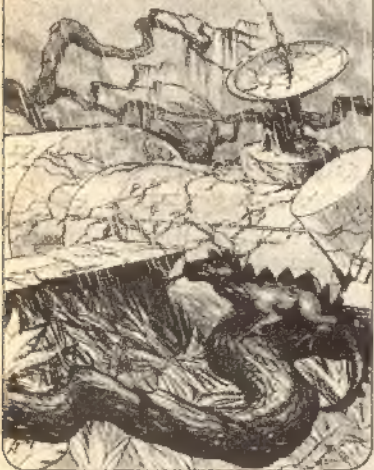
HE BUILDS ME, AND FEEDS
ME THE FUEL I EAT...



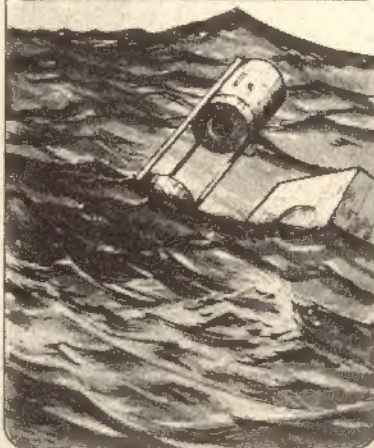
...AND LEADS ME RIDING
THROUGH THE SPACE I
MAKE, TO THE GLARE OF
ANOTHER SUN.



AND WHEN HE IS DONE
WITH ME, I LIE RUSTING
IN THE RAIN.



MY METAL ROTS WITH AGES
AND THE SEA COMES
WASHING OVER LAND TO
TAKE ME WHILE I SLEEP.



THE MASTER FORGETS.



THE MASTER CHIPS FLINT
FROM A STONE, LEAVING
A STONE-AXE.



HE BUSIES HIMSELF WITH
DRUMS AND BLOODY ALTARS.



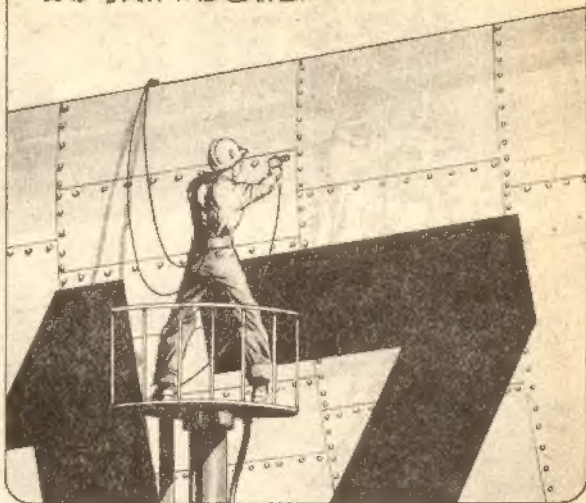
HE DANCES WITH A
WRITHING SNAKE IN HIS
MOUTH, CONJURING
THE RAIN.



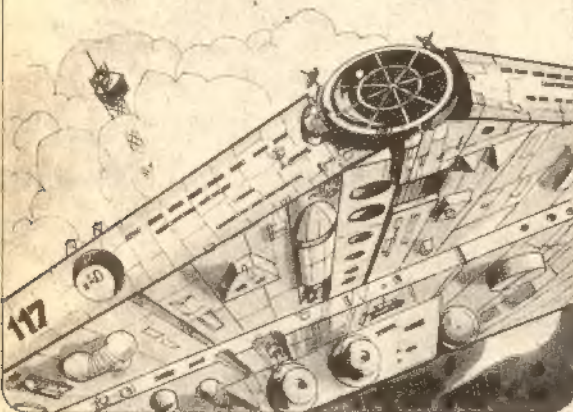
THEN - AFTER A LONG TIME - HE REMEMBERS.



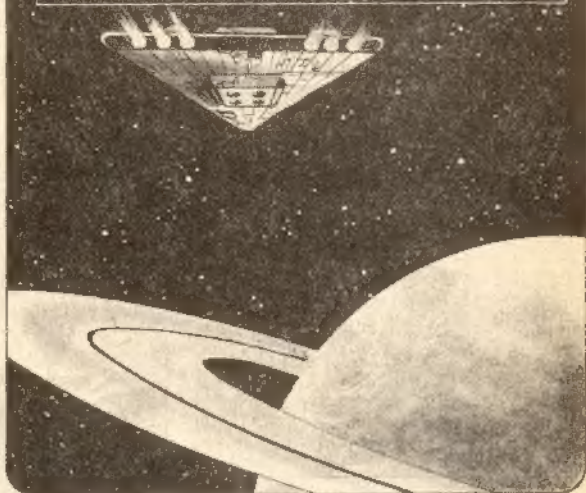
HE BUILDS ANOTHER OF ME,
AND I AM THE SAME.



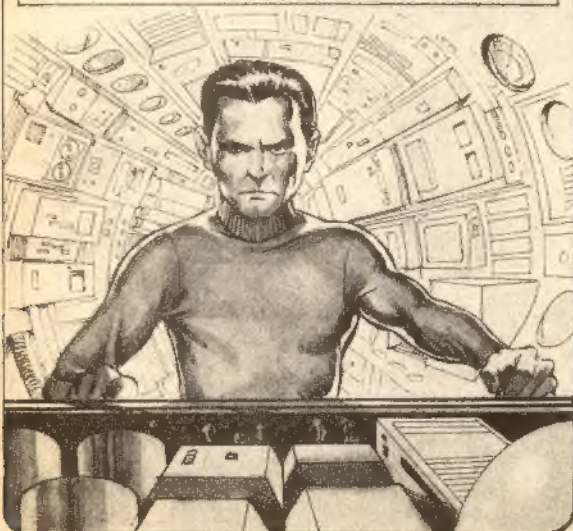
FOR LIKE THE SOUL OF HIM WHO BUILDS ME,
MY PRINCIPLE LIES BEYOND PARTICULAR FLESH.



WHEN MY PRINCIPLE IS CLOTHED IN STEEL,
WE GO WANDERING AGAIN



I AM THE MINSTRAL, WITH MAN THE KING.



HEAR THE SONG OF HIS HUNGER THE
SONG OF HIS ENDLESS THIRST



THE BIG HUNGER

WRITTEN BY WALTER M. MILLER
ADAPTED FOR COMICS BY Bp NICHOL
ART BY TONY MEERS
LETTERING - PAUL MCCLISKER

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THERE WAS A MAN NAMED
ABE JOLIE, AND HE LEANED
AGAINST ME IDLY WITH ONE
HAND IN THE GLOOM WHILE
HE SPOKE QUIETLY LAUGHED
WITH A FEMALE OF HIS SPECIES.

IT'S FINISHED
JUNEBUG, WE'VE
GOT IT MADE.

...FINISHED...
IT'S YOUR
SUCESS, ABE.

MINE AND A LOT OF
OTHERS, AND THE
GOVERNMENT'S
MONEY.

LET'S STEAL IT
AND RUN AWAY.



SSSHH.



THEY CAN SHOOT YOU
FOR LESS THAN THAT.
THE S.P. DOESN'T
HAVE A
SENSE OF
HUMOUR.



ABE-



WHAT?



KISS ME.



WHEN IS
THAT GOING
TO BE
ILLEGAL
TOO.



AS SOON AS THE
EUGENIC LAWS ARE
PASSED, ABE.
JOLIE, WHO BUILT THE
SPACEDRIVE...



A GENETIC
UNDESIRABLE.

DON'T



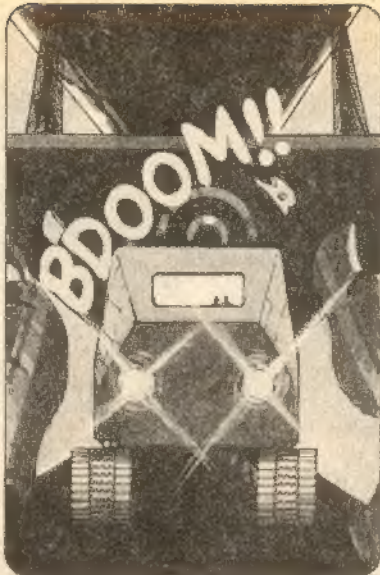
WELL,



MEET ME
HERE AT
ELEVEN
O'CLOCK.
JUNEBUG.



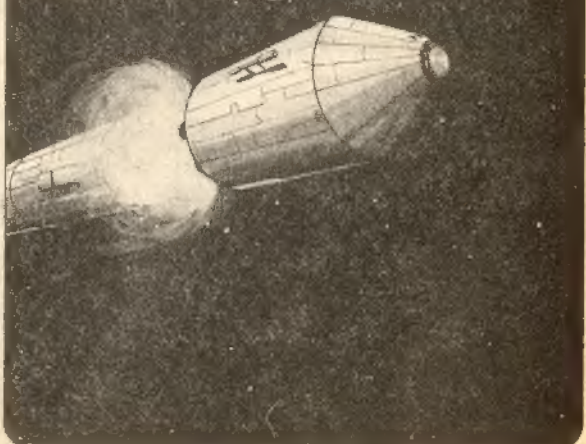
AT ELEVEN OCLOCK, A LION
ROARED IN THE HANGAR.



WHEN WE WERE ALONE IN THE AIRLESS,
STAR-STUCCO, SUN-TORN BLACKNESS, I
STROKED THE WEB OF SPACE, AND
LISTENED TO THE MUTED NOTES.



WHEN THE TUNE IS MEMORIZED, I SPEAK.
I CONTRADICT. I REFUTE THE UNIVERSE. WE
LIVED IN A SPACELESS SPACE
BEYOND THE STARS.



THE MAN AND WOMAN HAD GONE,
BUT THE PLAN REMAINED ON EARTH.

MY PRINCIPLE REMAINED
ON THE DRAWING BOARDS
AND IN THE DREAMS OF MEN.

STOP THE LIBERAL
GIVEAWAY !!

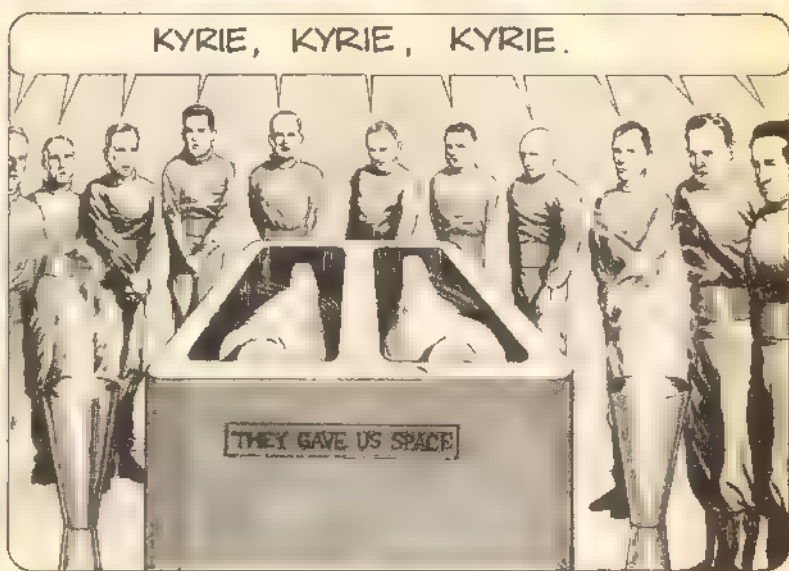
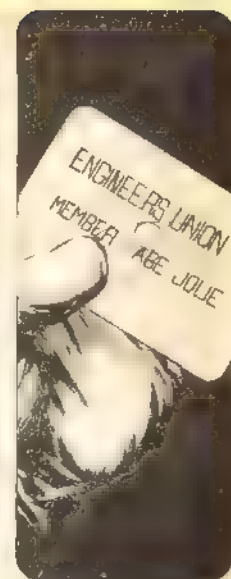
GIVE US THE
BIG FREEDOM
GIVE US
SPACE!

END
WAR!

THE GOD OF EARTH OPENED
SCATTERED ITS SEED SPACEWARD
IT WAS THE TIME OF THE GREAT
BURSTING, THE GREAT
BIRTH-GIVING, THE WORK
SEETHED AND EMPIRES
TOPPLED AND NEW EMPIRES
AROSE WHOSE PURPOSE
IT WAS TO BUILD THE
SKY-CHARIOTS.

THEY BUILT NEARLY THE
PALE PROUD BIPEDS, THESE
CHILDREN OF AN APE-PRINCE
WHO WALKER LIKE A GOD.

YOUNG MEN, YOUNG
WOMEN, CLAMoured AT THE
GATES OF LAUNCHING FIELDS, AND
THEY CLIMBED ABOARD IN
THROGS AND DESERTED EARTH.
MAN WAS A STARWARD WIND,
A MUSTARD SEED,
A WISP OF BRAHMA'S BREATH
BREATHED ACROSS SPACE.



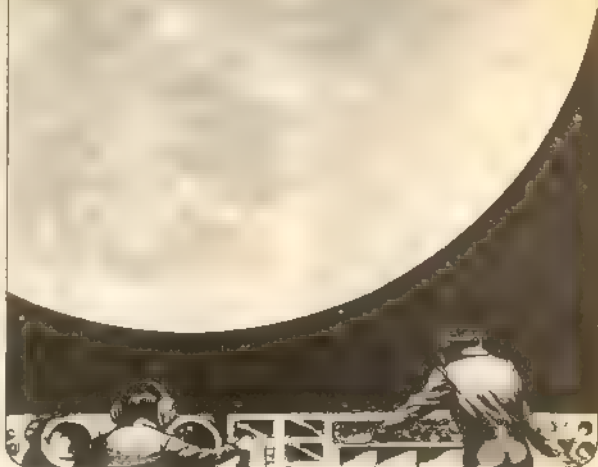
EVENTUALLY
THEY
ABOLISHED
GOVERNMENT



AND FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN ANYONE'S
MEMORY, THERE WAS
PEACE ON EARTH
AND GOOD WILL
TOWARDS MEN.



MY MASTER WAS HUNGRY FOR LAND.
MY MASTER SOUGHT NEW WORLDS
AND WE FOUND ONE NEAR A YELLOW
SUN IN SERPENS CALLED 27 LAMBDA.



WE CAME DOWN ON
TONGUES OF LIGHTNING
FROM THE CLEAR SKY.



MAN WAS A
SEED REPLANTED



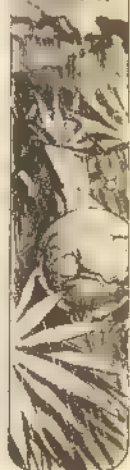
HOUSES OF LOG AND
STONE GREW UP ON
THE HILLSIDES..



AND
CRUMBBLED
SLOWLY
INTO RUIN



I LAY
RUSTING
IN THE
RAN.



A MAN WEARING A FUR ROBE
CAME AND BUILT AN ALTAR AT
MY FEET.



HE BURNT HIS ELDEST
DAUGHTER ON IT WHILE HE
SANG A BATTLE SONG AND
DANCED A VICTORY UNDER A
STRANGE SKY.



THE SONGS OF MEN MOULDED
CLAY AND CHIPPED ARROWHEADS.
AND THE OLD MEN TOLD THEM
STORIES OF A SPACE-GOING
GOD, AND THE STORES
BECAME THEIR LEGENDS.



A GLACIER CAME
AND GROUND ME
INTO DUST
MILLION LIMS PASSED
AND EACH PROPHET
HAD HIS HAZAR



ONE OF THE
PROPHETS
AN ENERGY
STATION



MEN CRUCIFIED AN
AGITATOR ON A
TELEPHONE POLE



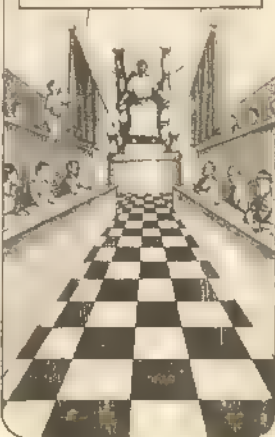
THEY REPEATED
BODY FOR MY LIFE
PRINCIPLE FOR THE
TENSO - TRANSFORMERS
THAT CONSTITUTE
IN 2011



MEN DEPARTED FOR
OTHER STARS, BUT
AFTER A THOUSAND
YEARS MANY
REMAINED ON THE
PLANET OF THEIR
BIRTH



WHEN THE RESTLESS
ONES WERE GONE
THE PARLIMENTS
VOTED THEMSELVES
OUT OF EXISTENCE.



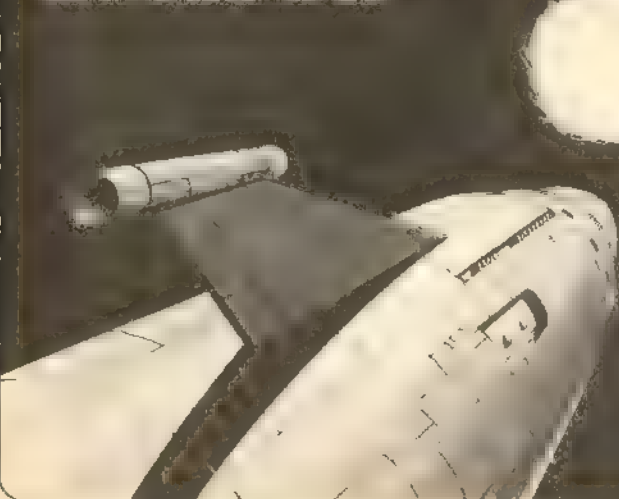
THERE WAS PEACE ON
THE THIRD PLANET OF
27 LAMBDA
SERPENTIS



THEY MADE LOVE AND
STUDIED SOCIOLOGY
UNDER A FRIENDLY SUN
UNDER A PLEASANT
BLUE SKY FOREVER



ON THE 10th OF 1961 57 OF
MAYOR SINGLED FOR 1961



IN 1961 THERE WAS A YELLOW SUN
IN THE REGION OF THE SCORPIO
BELY NAMED DALAGAN A LITTLE
SOUTH OF THE SERPENS A
LITTLE NEARER THE GALAXY
DALAGAN THEY NAMED ITS
PLANETS ALBRASSA AND
DALAGAN WERE SWIN

ALBRASSA WAS ALREADY POPULATED BY
A CLAN OF HAIRY INTELLECTUALS WHO
LIKED THE FLAVOR OF MAN-FLESH

MAN CAME DOWN
ON SKY LIGHTNING
TO WALK ON THE
LAND AND OWN IT

I LAY RUSTING
IN THE RAIN

MAN TAUGHT HIS
GRANDSON TO HAMMER
VIRGIN COPPER INTO A
VICIOUS BATTLE-AX

AND THE MYSTIC RECIPE
FOR ROASTING A HAIRY
INTELLECTUAL

MAN'S GRANDSON WAXED
STRONG AND MALICIOUS HE
COMMITTED GENOCIDE ON THE
FURRY NATIVES

HE BUTCHERED AN OLD MAN WHO
MADE THE SILLY SUGGESTION
THEY SACRIFICE A HEALTHY
YOUNG VIRGIN TO
THEIR GOD.

MAN ASSURED
HIMSELF THAT HE WAS THE
CHOSEN CHILD OF THE MOST
HIGH. CENTURIES MINDED
BY AND THERE WAS A WAR
WITH HMMEL BETWEEN
THE WORLDS.

AND ROCKETS LEAVE
SKYWARD BEARING MY BODY
AND THE BODIES OF MY MASTER
AND MEN WERE STEEL JACKET
FOES OF FLESH SCURRYING
AMONG THE STARS THEIR EYES
MERCELES AND THE FLESH
HUSKIES HUNTER

HE PAUSED AT NU LUPI AND IS
SAGITTEA AND A NAMELESS
YELLOW SUN IN OPHIUCHUS
WHERE HE MET A NATIVE RACE...



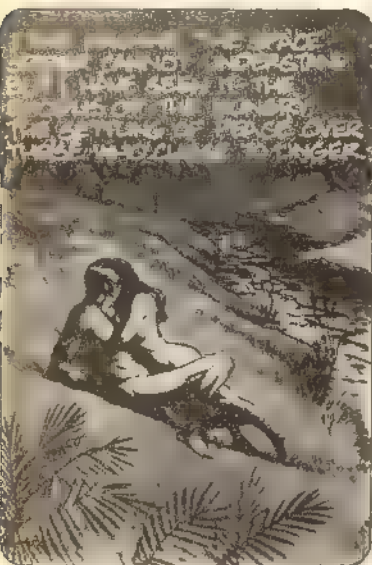
WHO DARED
TO BE BIPEDS.

HE CRUSHED
THEM
QUICKLY

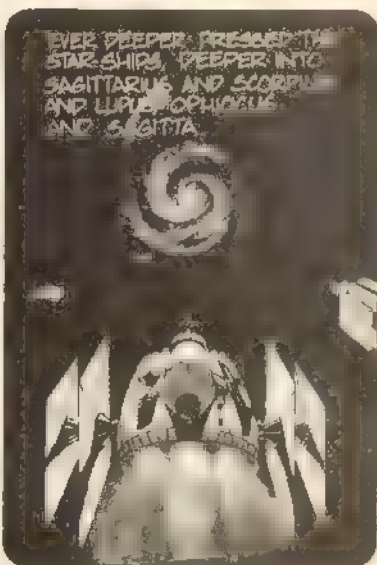
THERE WERE ALWAYS
THOSE WHO REMAINED
BEHIND.



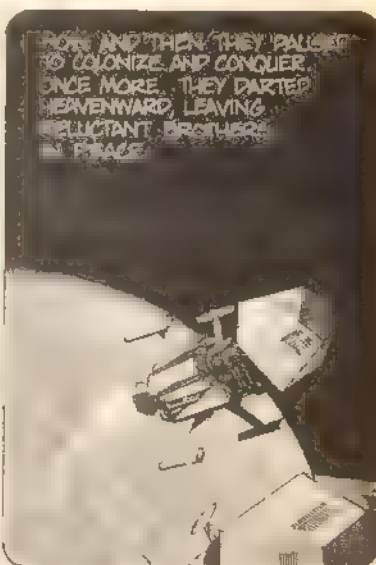
I WATCHED AND SAW THE
JUST GO OUT OF THEM, THIS
I HAVE NEVER
UNDERSTOOD



THEY WERE NEVER UNDERSTOOD
BY THE NAMELESS
SAGITTEA AND SCORPION
THESE WERE THE FIRST
THINGS TO BE SEEN OVER
THESE MOUNTAINS TO THE RIVER.



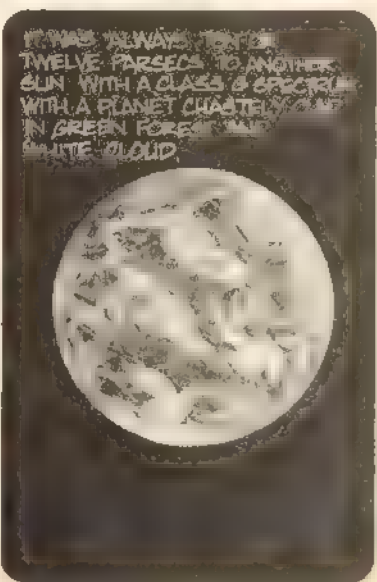
EVER DEEPER, DEEPER TO
STAR SHIPS, DEEPER INTO
SAGITTEA AND SCORPION
AND LUPI, OPHIUCHUS
AND SAGITTA.



AND THEN THEY PAUSED
TO COLONIZE AND CONQUER
ONCE MORE. THEY DARTED
HEAVENWARD, LEAVING
RELUCTANT BROTHERS
IN PLACE.



THEY WROTE A SONG CALLED
"TEN PARSECS TO PARADISE"
AND SANG IT AS IF THEY
BELIEVED IT. THIS I HAVE
NEVER UNDERSTOOD.



IT WAS ALWAYS TEN
TWELVE PARSECS TO ANOTHER
SUN WITH A CLASS G SPECTRA
WITH A PLANET CHAOS
IN GREEN FOREST AND
WHITE CLOUD.

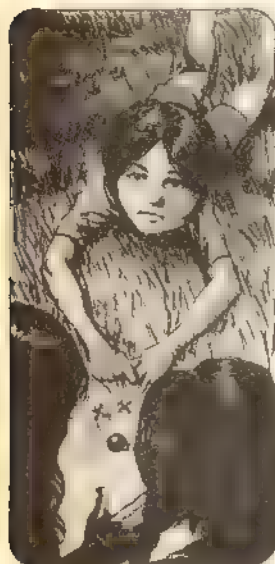


TO THE SUN

HE HAD FORGOTTEN EARTH,
THIS OLD MAN, BUT HE KNEW
THE STAR-GOING CYCLE.

HE KNEW THESE THINGS
BECAUSE MAN HAD LEARNED
TO KEEP A LITTLE OF THE
PAST INTACT.

BUT THE OLD MAN WAS SAD.
WHY MUST HIS SEED FLING
ITSELF STARWARD? HE KNEW
THAT IT MUST-BUT HE LACKED
A REASON.



WHY
IS
THERE
STAR-
CRAZE
GRAMP?



WHY ARE
THERE
MEN TO
FEEL
IT?



I ONLY KNOW WHAT THE
PRIEST SAY NARI THEY SAY
THAT MAN ONCE OWNED A
PARADISE PLANET, AND THAT
HE RAN AWAY IN SEARCH OF
A BETTER
ONE.



THEY SAY
HE MADE
THE
LORD BION
ANGRY
AND THE
LORD
HID THE
PARADISE...



AND CONDEMNED MAN TO
WANDER FOREVER, TOUCHED
HIS HEART WITH ETERNAL
HUNGER FOR THE PLACE HE
LOST



WILL PEOPLE FIND
IT AGAIN GRAND?

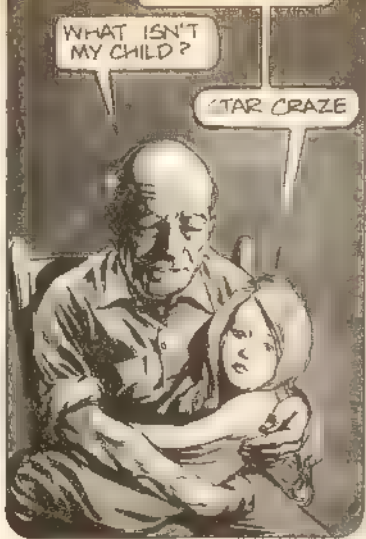
NEVER-
SO THE
PRIEST
SAY. THE
HUNGER
IS ON
HIM
NARI



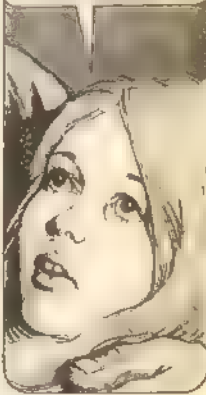
IT ISN'T FAIR!

WHAT ISN'T
MY CHILD?

STAR CRAZE



LAST NIGHT
I SAW A
LADY CRYING
SHE WAS JUST
STANDING
THERE
CRYING AT
THE SKY



WHERE?

ON THE STREET
WAITING FOR A
MOTOR-BUS

HOW OLD
WAS SHE?



IT WAS KIND
OF DARK.



I'LL BET
SHE
WASN'T
OVER
FOURTEEN.



WON'T I
GET TO GO?

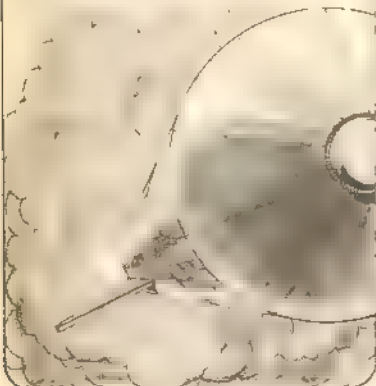


NOT EVER,
NARI.



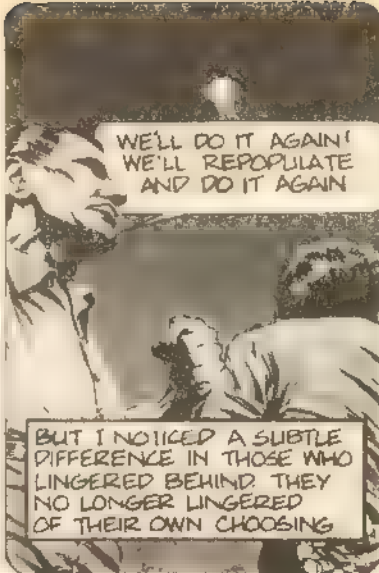
THE OLD MAN GREW OLDER
AND DIED PEACEFULLY AND
HIS ASHES WERE SCATTERED
ACROSS THE FIELDS HE HAD
TILLED SINCE BOYHOOD.

HIS CHILDREN AND HIS
GRAND CHILDREN FOLLOWED
IN HIS PATIENT STEPS, AND
THEIR ASHES WERE MINGLED
WITH HIS OWN BEFORE THE
FIRST GLEAMING SKY-CRAFT
BURST STAR-FIRE
IN THE NIGHT

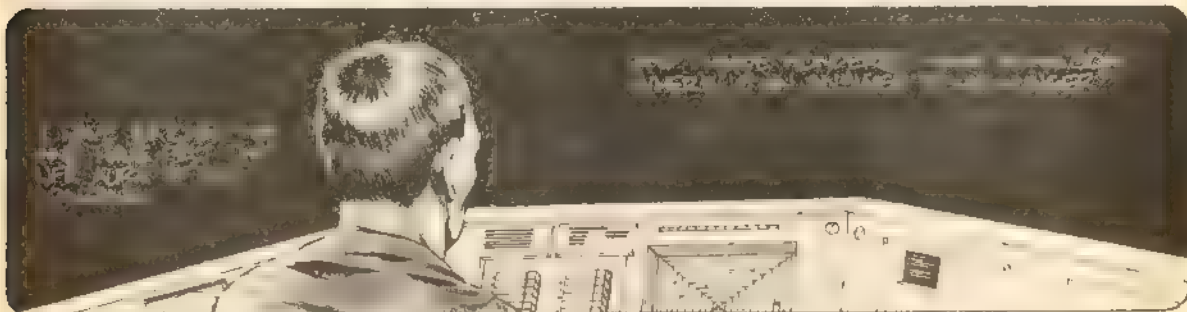
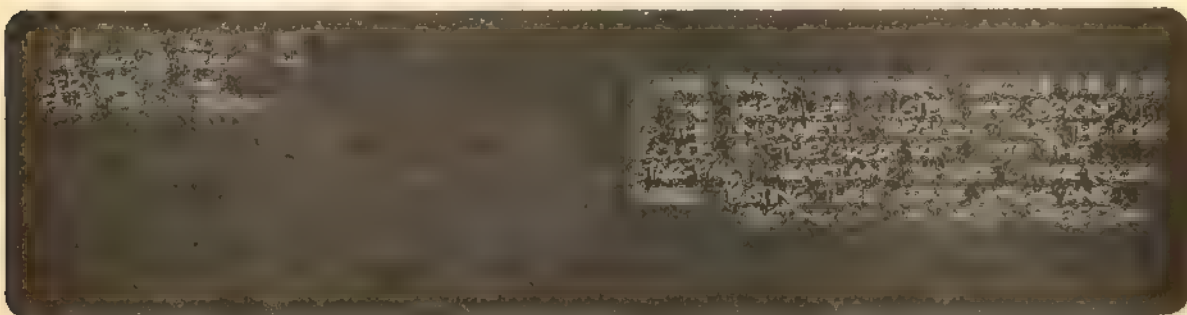


WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!
WE'LL REPOPULATE
AND DO IT AGAIN

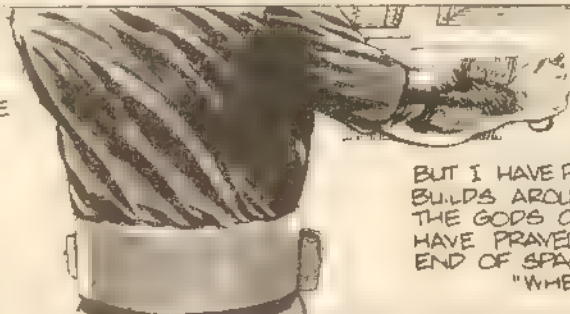
BUT I NOTICED A SUBTLE
DIFFERENCE IN THOSE WHO
LINGERED BEHIND. THEY
NO LONGER LINGERED
OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING



BUT THE BITTERNESS OF
THEIR FLIGHT WAS UPON
THEM. THEY FOUGHT
SAVAGELY, AMONG THEM-
SELVES WHILE THE
STAR-WARD WAVE RECEDED.



MY NEURAL
CIRCUITS ARE
NOT OF FLESH
MY CIRCUITS ARE
OF GLASS
AND STEEL
MY THOUGHT
IS A FANNING
ELECTRON
STREAM



BUT I HAVE PRAYED I, THE SPIDER WHO
BUILDS AROUND SPACE, HAVE PRAYED TO
THE GODS OF THE BIPED, I SERVE I
HAVE PRAYED TO THE GOD OF THE NORTH
END OF SPACE. I HAVE ASKED,
"WHERE IS HIS PEACE?"

NO
ANSWER
CAME!



I HAVE SEEN
MY MASTER
CHANGE

THE BIFED WAS
HIDDEN ACROSS THE
GALAXY. THE BIFED WAS
A SWIFT AND STEEL
CLAD SPEAR, HURTLING
RUTHLESSLY FORWARD



HE MADE NO FRIENDS
FOR HE CAME AS A
BEING WHO OWNED
THE STARS AND HE
TOOK WHAT HE WANTED
ABOUT HIM



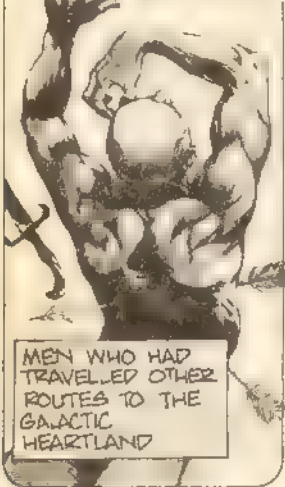
HE LEFT HIS SEED
TO GROW ANEW, A
CREATURE OF FIERCE
PRIDE AND FIERCER
LONGING



HE TRAMPLED
HATELESSLY SUCH RACES
AS HE ENCOUNTERED
CRUSHED THEM OR
HARNESSED
THEM TO HIS
PLOW.



HE SOMETIMES FOUGHT
AGAINST HIS
OWN RACE



WHEN MEN BATTLED
AGAINST MAN, THEY
FOUGHT WITH HATRED
AND CRUELTY AND
BITTERNESS- BUT
NEVER WITH CONTEMPT.
HE SAW A
RIVAL KING
IN MAN.



HE TOOK THE
PLANETS OF THE
YELLOW SUNS-
DEEP IN THE GALACTIC
HEARTLAND,



THEY SEEMED
AND SO HE
WALKED
FLAME
UNTIL THOSE WHO
WHO
WALK
UN



MY MASTER IS THE
NOMAD, TALL AND
GAUNT, MY MASTER CRITS
HIS TEETH IN STARING AT
THE STARS, AND HIS
EYES GO AND HIS
NARROW AND
MOIST



I HAVE MIRRORED
HIS HUNGER, HAVE
ALLOWED HIS LIFE-
ALURA TO SEEP INTO
THE COLD STEEL AND
HOT BLADES OF ME
HAVE REFLECTED
HIS THOUGHTS
MY CIRCUITS

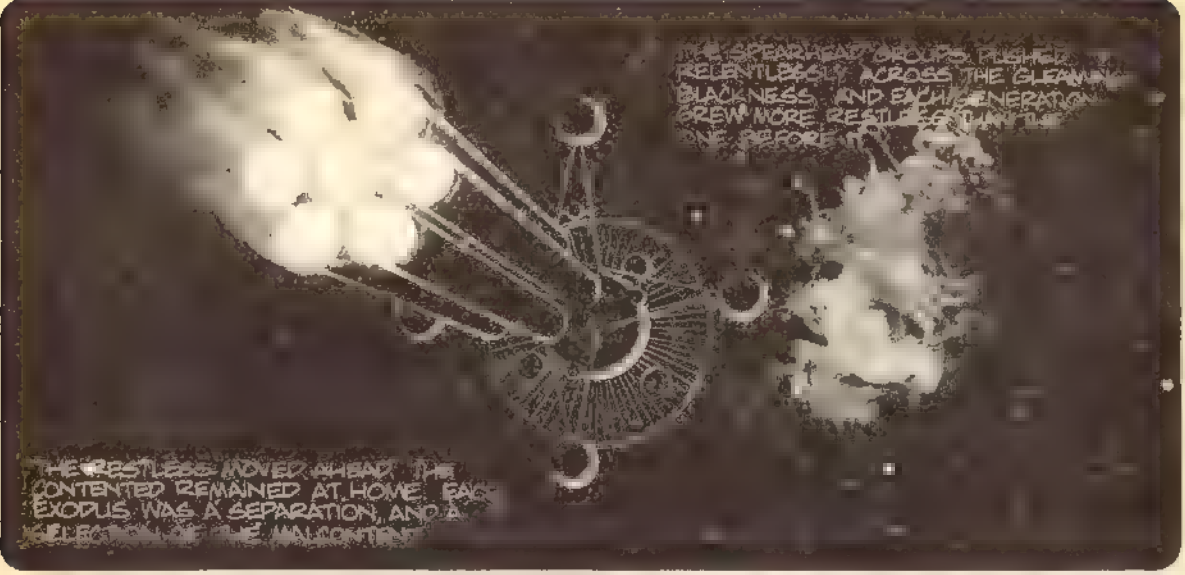


SOMETIMES HE
WONDERS IF HE
IS ALIVE, BUT WHEN HE
REMEMBERS THAT
HE BUILT ME, HE
BUILT ME TO THINK
NOT TO BE ALIVE



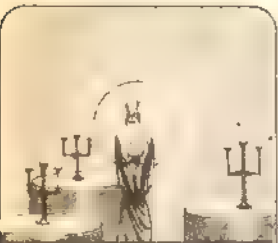
FOR I AM NOT A MIRROR
BUT ONLY A MIRROR
THAT CATCHES A LITTLE
OF MY MASTER'S LIFE
I HAVE SEEN
HIM CHANGE







THE SPEARHEAD GROUPS FISHED
RELENTLESSLY ACROSS THE GLEAMING
BLACKNESS, AND EACH GENERATION
GREW MORE RESTLESS UNTIL
ONE BEFORE IT.


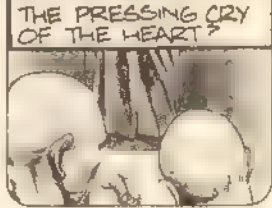
THE RESTLESS MOVED AHEAD, THE
CONTENTED REMAINED AT HOME. EACH
EXODUS WAS A SEPARATION, AND A
SELECTION OF THE MALCONTENT.



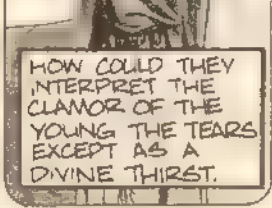
THE B PED CAME TO
BELIEVE HIS PRIESTS,
TO BELIEVE THE
LEGEND OF THE
LOST HOME



HE BELIEVED THAT
BION HAD TOUCHED
HIM WITH THE HUNGER
CURSE. HOW ELSE
COULD THEY EXPLAIN
THE PRESSING CRY
OF THE HEART?



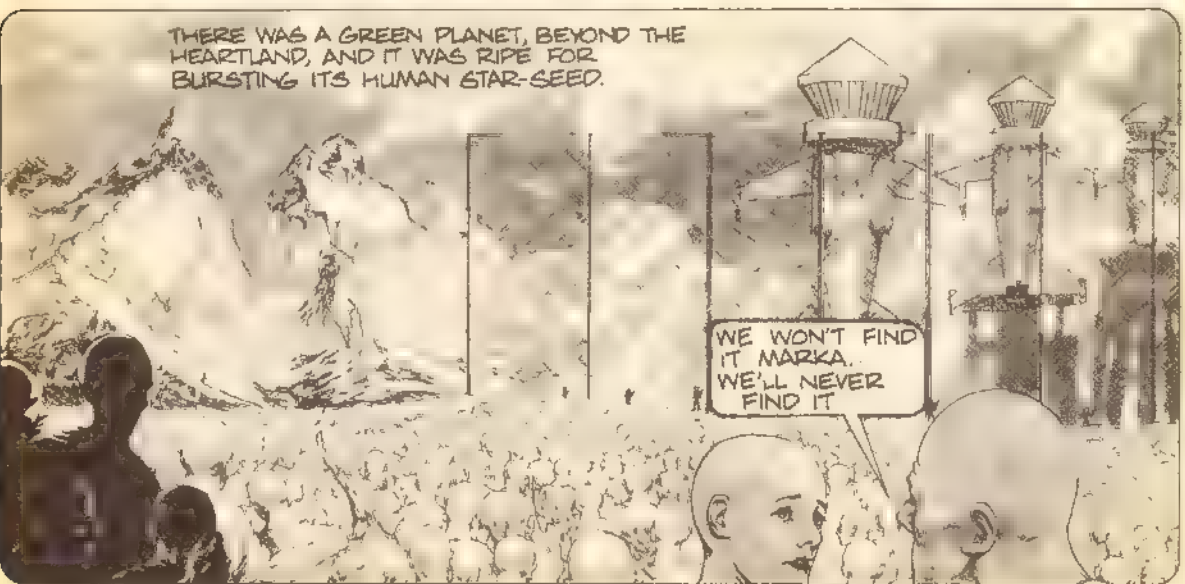
HOW COULD THEY
INTERPRET THE
CLAMOR OF THE
YOUNG THE TEARS
EXCEPT AS A
DIVINE THIRST.



THE STAR-CRAZE
THE ENDLESS
SEARCH



THERE WAS A GREEN PLANET, BEYOND THE
HEARTLAND, AND IT WAS RIPE FOR
BURSTING ITS HUMAN STAR-SEED.



WE WON'T FIND
IT MARKA.
WE'LL NEVER
FIND IT

YOU BELIEVE
IN THE
LEGENDS
TERIS?

THE PLANET
OF HEAVEN?
IT'S UP THERE.

THEN WHY
MUST YOU
LOOK

WE ARE DAMNED
MARKA.

IT CAN BE
FOUND. THE
LORD BION
PROMISED-

WHERE IS
THAT WRITTEN,
MARKA?

BUT WE CAN
NEVER FIND IT.

IN A WOMAN'S HEART.

WHAT DOES THE
HEART-WRITING
SAY?

IT SAYS WHEN MAN
IS CONTENT-WITHOUT
HIS LOST PARADISE-
WHEN HE RECONCILES
HIMSELF-BION WILL
FORGIVE AND SHOW
US THE ROAD HOME

OURS MARKA
THEY'RE
OURS..
WE TOOK
THEM.

DO YOU WANT THEM?

YOU MAKE ME SICK.
YOU'RE A
HANGBACKER.

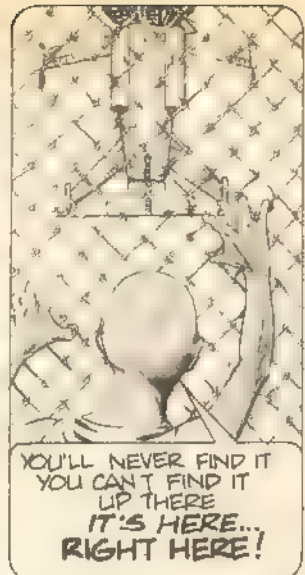
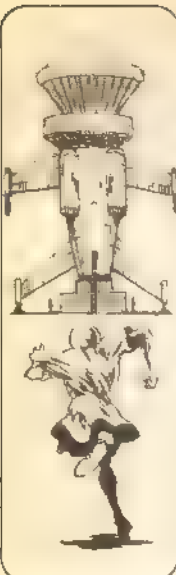
NO!

NO I WISH I COULD
GO! I WANT TO GO,
DO YOU HEAR?

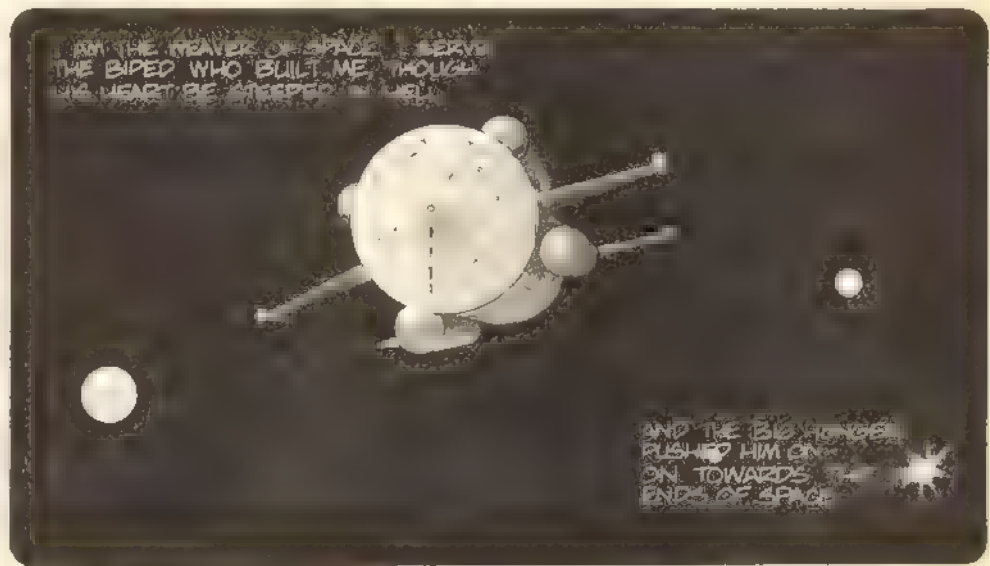
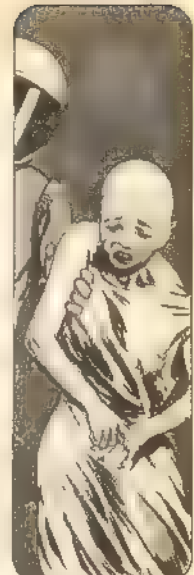
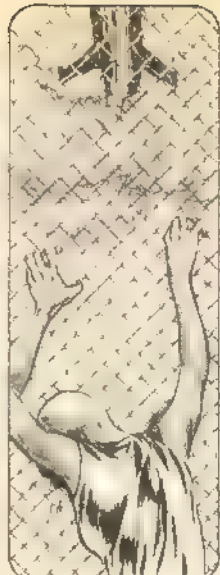
I HEAR, BUT YOU CAN'T
GO, SO THERE'S NO USE
TALKING ABOUT IT.
YOU'RE NOT WELL MARKA.
THE OTHERS WOULDN'T
LET YOU ABOARD.

I LOVE
YOU

I
LOVE
YOU!

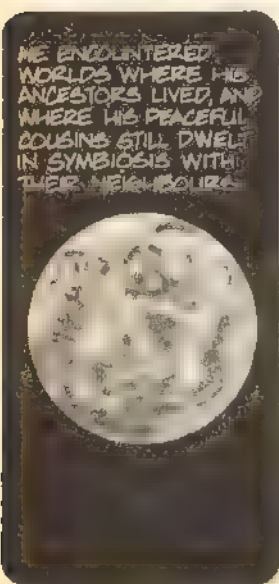


YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT
YOU CAN'T FIND IT
UP THERE
IT'S HERE...
RIGHT HERE!



AM THE REAPER OF SPACE. I SERVE
THE BIPED WHO BUILT ME. THOUGH
HIS HEART BE STEEPED IN MEL.

AND THE BIG STARS
RUSHED HIM ON
ON TOWARDS
ENDS OF SPACE



WE ENCOUNTERED
WORLDS WHERE HIS
ANCESTORS LIVED, AND
WHERE HIS PEACEFUL
COUSINS STILL DWELT
IN SYMBIOSIS WITH
THEIR NEIGHBOURS.



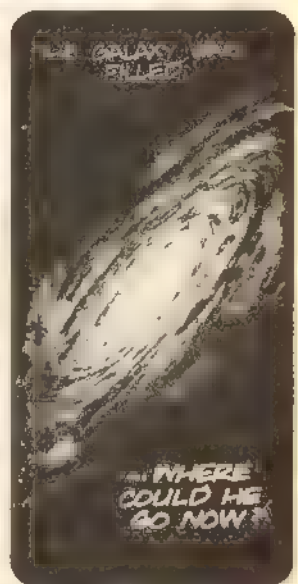
SOME OF THE WORLDS
WERE CIVILIZED,
SOME BARBARIC,
AND SOME WERE...

ARCHAEOLOGICAL
GRAVEYARDS?



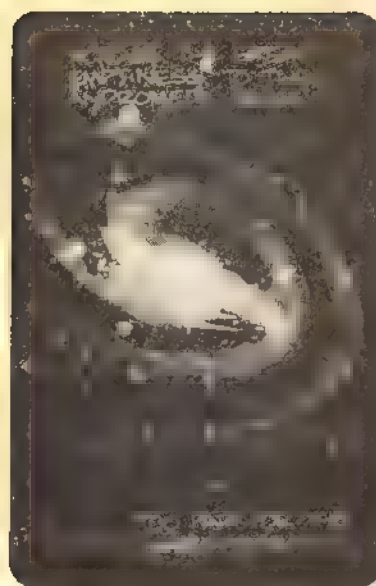
MY NOMADS, THEY WORE
HAUNTED FACES AS
THEY RE-EXPLORED THE
FRINGES OF THE
GALAXY WHERE
MAN HAS...

WALKED
BEFORE.

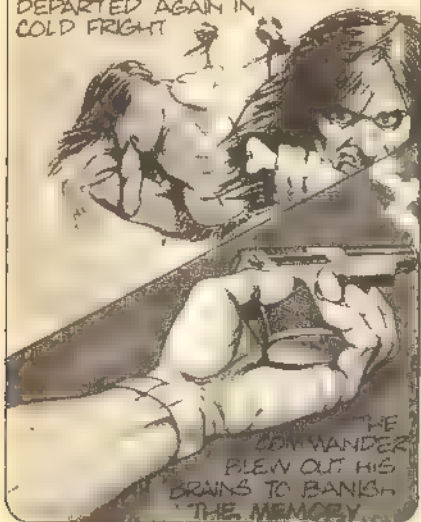


GALAXY
BUILT

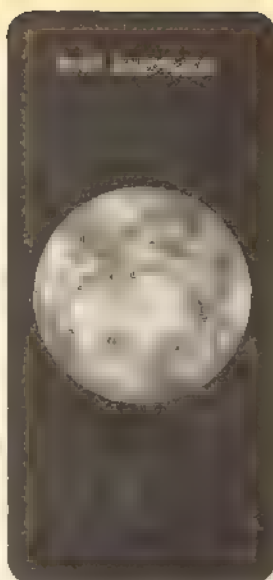
WHERE
COULD HE
GO NOW?



THEY CAME TO A PLANET THE NATIVES CALLED "EARTH," AND DEPARTED AGAIN IN COLD FRIGHT.

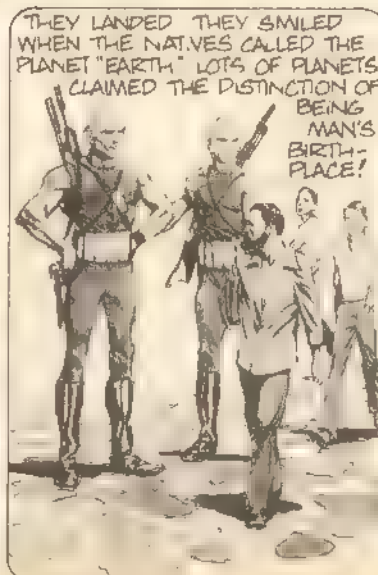


THE COMMANDER BLEW OUT HIS BRAINS TO BANISH THE MEMORY.

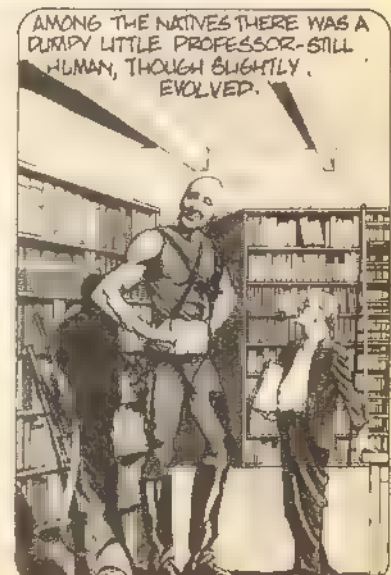


THEY HAD NOT SEEN THEM BEFORE. THE ULTIMATE EMERGENCY THEY HAD FOUGHT TO SURRENDER WILLINGLY TO EXTINCTION, BUT THE CUP OF THEIR LIFE WAS BROKEN AND THEY WERE LEFT WITH THE MEMORY.

THEY HAD FORGOTTEN PARADISE. THEY LOOKED BACK AT THE OLD WAY AND IT HAD BEEN THEIR ROYAL ROAD. THEY LOOKED AHEAD WHERE ONLY SCATTERED STARS SEPARATED THEM FROM THE GALACTIC WASTELAND. AND THEN THEY SAW THE NEW WAY.



THEY LANDED THEY SMILED WHEN THE NATIVES CALLED THE PLANET "EARTH." LOTS OF PLANETS CLAIMED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING MAN'S BIRTH-PLACE!



AMONG THE NATIVES THERE WAS A DUMPY LITTLE PROFESSOR-STILL HUMAN, THOUGH SLIGHTLY EVOLVED.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU PEOPLE.



NOR I YOU.

HERE'S EARTH - YET YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT!



WHO CARES! IS THIS CRUMB IN SPACE THE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM?

YOU DREAMED OF A LOST EARTH - PARADISE.



SO WE THOUGHT, BUT WHO KNOWS THE REAL LONGING OF A DREAM? WHERE IS ITS END? ITS GOAL?



WE FOUND OURS HERE ON EARTH



YOU'VE FOUND NOTHING BUT YOUR OWN SNAKE EXISTENCE. YOU'RE A SNAKE SWALLOWING IT'S TAIL



ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT THE SAME?



THAT'S UNTRUE!

WE'VE FOUND NOTHING AND WE'RE THROUGH. AT LEAST WE WENT SERCHING

NOW WE'RE FINISHED.



NOT YOU! IT'S THE JOB THAT'S FINISHED.



JOB? WHAT JOB?

WHY, FENCING IN THE STARS POPULATING THE GALAXY.



WELL, YOU DID IT YOU KNOW. WHO POPULATES THE GALAXY NOW?



PEOPLE LIKE YOU!





MY
DECANTER!

THE NOMADS SETTLED
ON THE PLANET FOR
LACK OF FUEL,
COMPLAINED OF THE
CLIMATE AND
STEADFASTLY REFUSED
TO BELIEVE
IT WAS EARTH



THEY WERE A
TROUBLESOME LOT AND
FREQUENTLY NEEDED
PSYCHOANALYSIS FOR
THEIR VARIOUS CRIMES.



A PROVISIONAL
GOVERNMENT WAS
SET UP TO DEAL
WITH THE PROBLEM.
THE NOMADS WHO
WERE SINGLE
KIDNAPPED NATIVE
WIVES WHO BEGOT
MANY CHILDREN,



AND A THIRD-
GENERATION HYBRID
BECAME THE FIRST
DICTATOR OF A
NORTHERN CONTINENT.



I SHALL NEVER SERVE
MY PRIEST HERE ON
EARTH AGAIN
NUCLEAR FUEL IS SCARCE
AND NEEDED FOR THE
ATOMIC WARHEADS
ZIPPING

BACK

AND
FORTH

ACROSS
THE
NORTH
POLE.



THREE DUMPY
IDEALIST BUILT A
SPACESHIP BUT
THEY WERE CAUGHT
AND HUNG FOR
TREASON.

THE EIGHT FOOT
LAWYER WHO
DEFENDED THEM.



-WAS ALSO
HUNG.

THE WORLD WEARS
A LONG FACE AND
THE STARS TWINKLE
INVITINGLY
BUT FEW MEN LOOK
UPWARD NOW.



I AM THE SPIDER WHO WALKED AROUND SPACE.
I, HAPPIST FOR A PALE PROUD MASTER HAVE SEEN
THE BIG HUNGER, HAVE TASTED ITS RED GLOW
REFLECTED IN MY CIRCUITS
STILL I CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

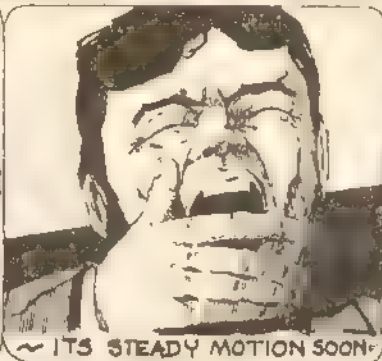
BUT I FEEL THERE ARE SOME
WHO UNDERSTAND. I HAVE SEEN
THE PRIDE IN THEIR FACES.
THEY WALK LIKE KINGS.



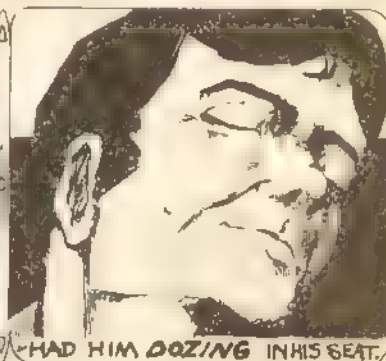
ARE YOU GOING ON A JOURNEY?
 BY PLANE, BY TRAIN OR BY BUS?
 OR ARE YOU GOING A LITTLE
 BACK IN TIME AND GOING
 ON A TROLLEY CAR?
 REMEMBER THE TROLLEY?
 IT WENT...



ONCE JAMES HAD BOARDED THE ROLLING, CLACKING TROLLEY~

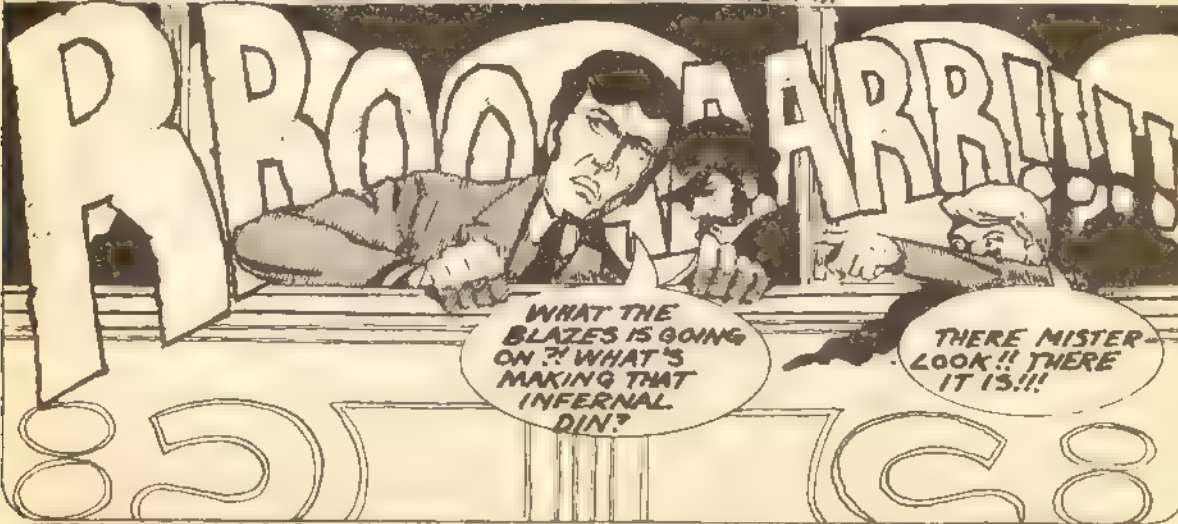


~ ITS STEADY MOTION SOON~

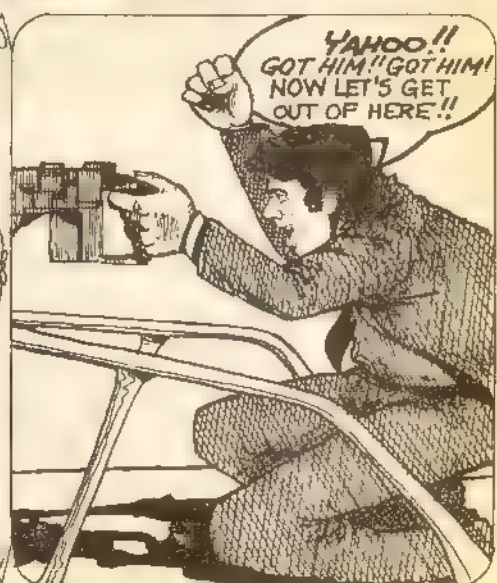
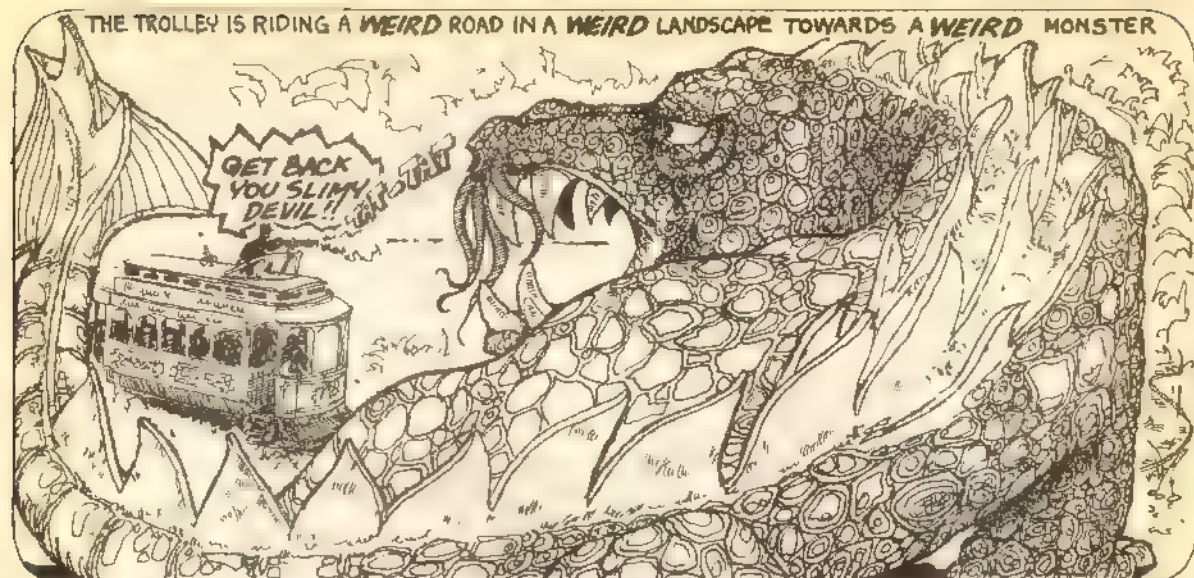


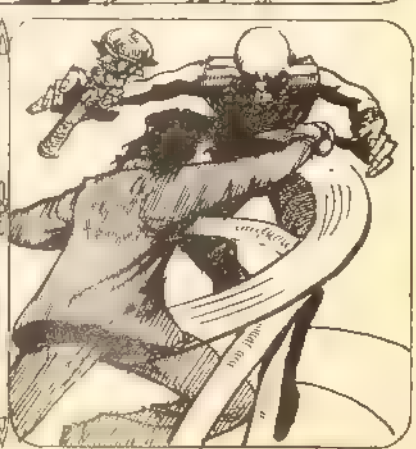
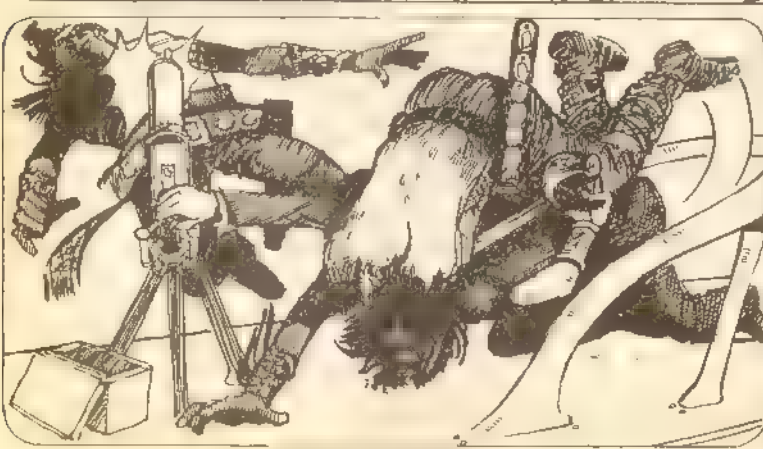
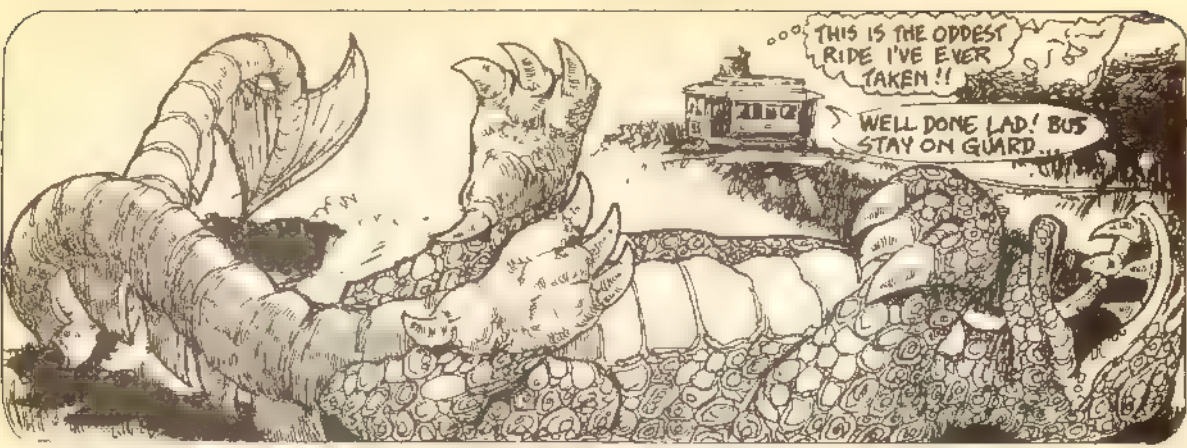
~HAD HIM DOZING IN HIS SEAT.

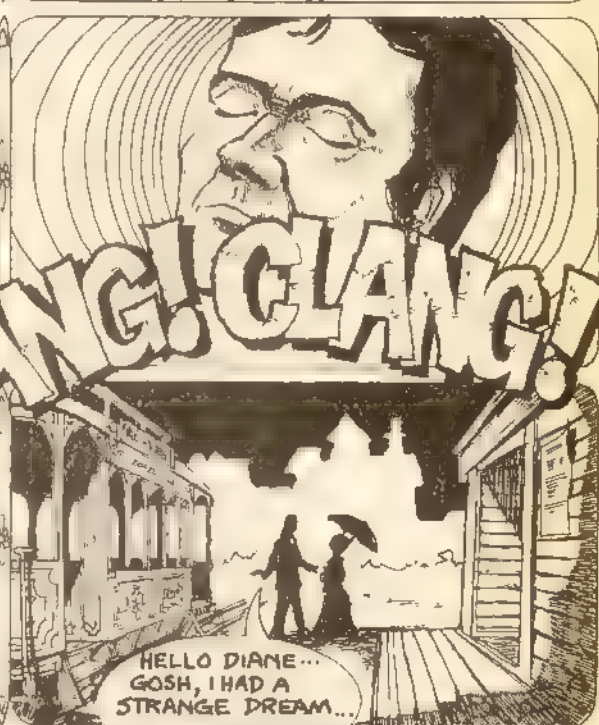
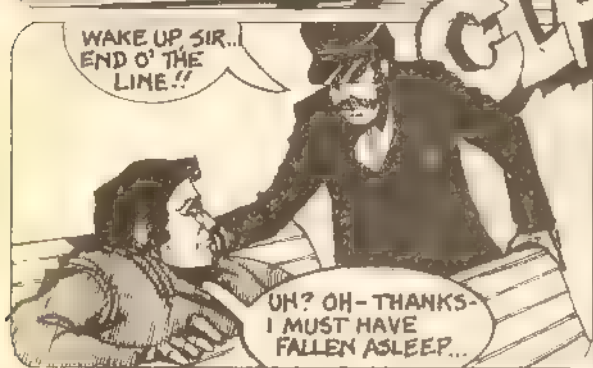
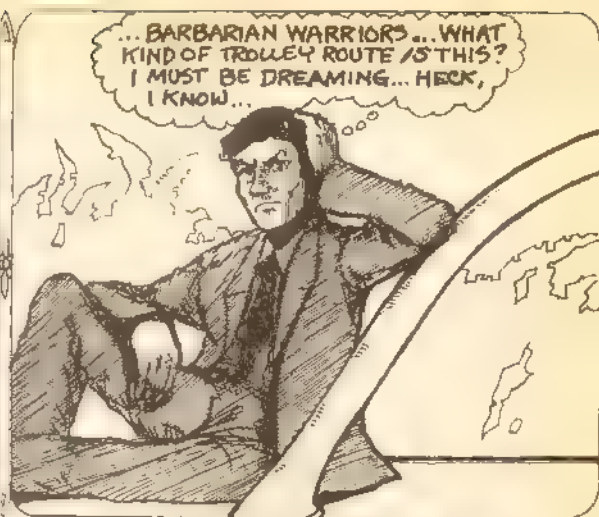
BUT HE HAD A VERY RUDE AWAKENING FROM HIS SLEEP!!!



THE TROLLEY IS RIDING A **WEIRD** ROAD IN A **WEIRD** LANDSCAPE TOWARDS A **WEIRD** MONSTER





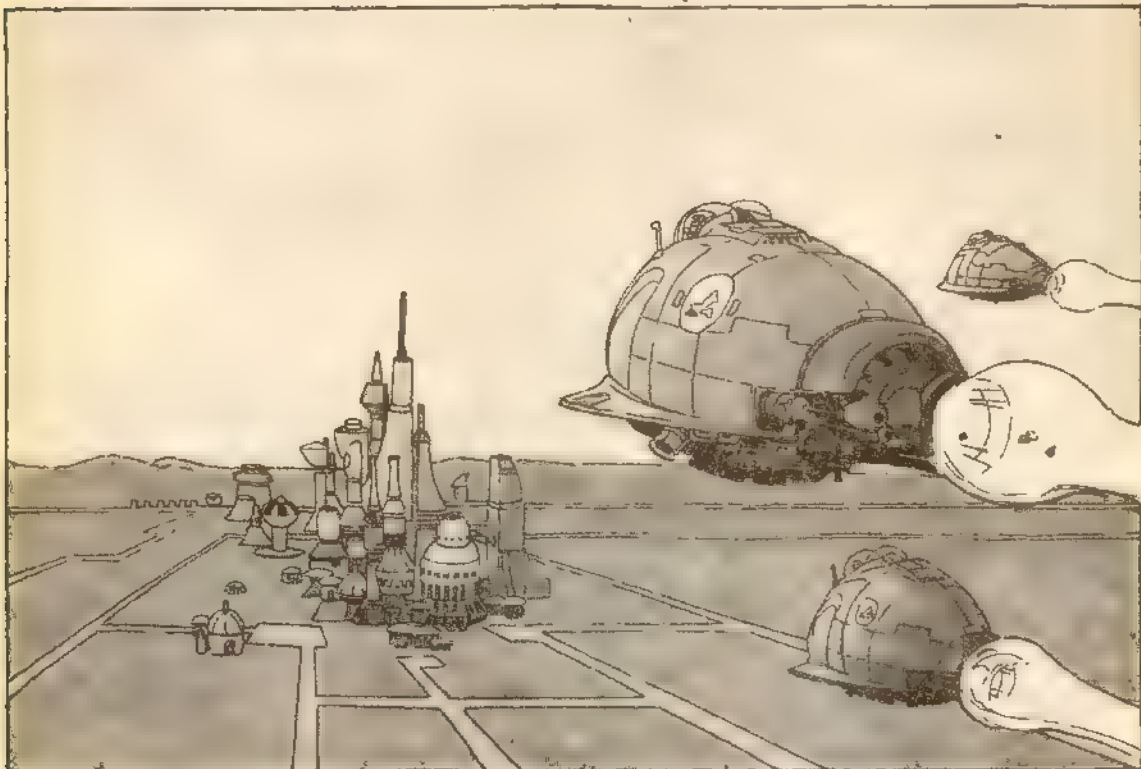


VIBIT

ONE DULL
AFTERNOON
IN THE 52ND
YEAR OF THE
EMPIRE...

LOOK!!
BEAUTIFUL CITY!
EVER SEE SUCH
BIG, BRIGHT TOWERS?

NACH, NEVER
COMMANDER!
WE GOING IN?

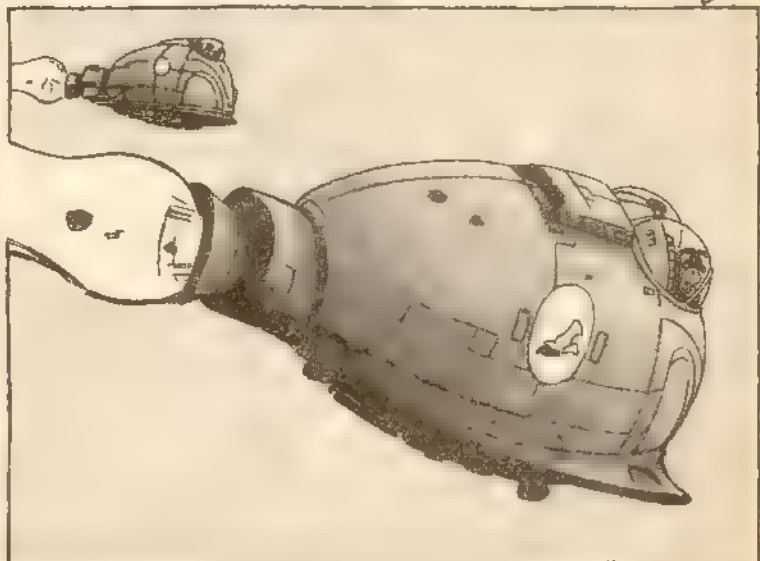
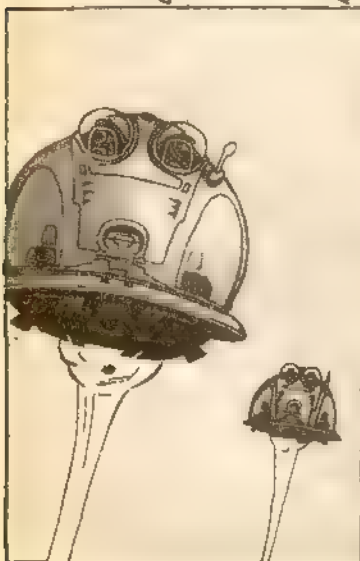


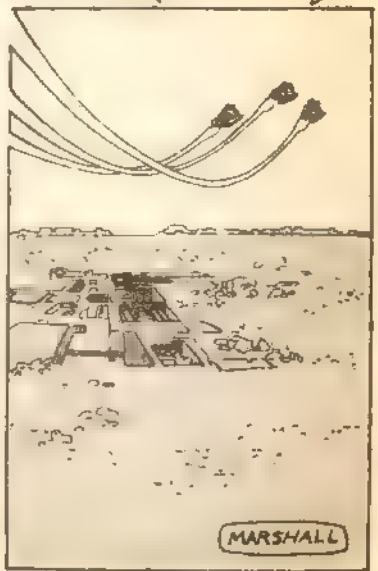
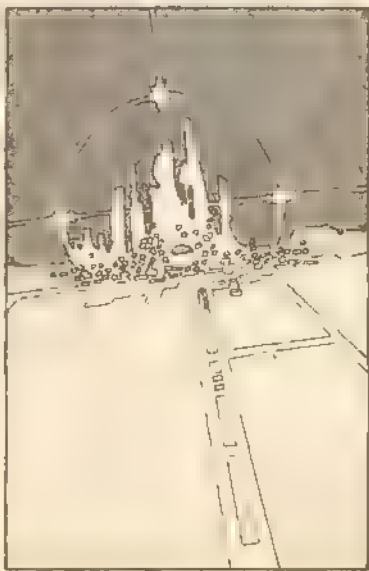
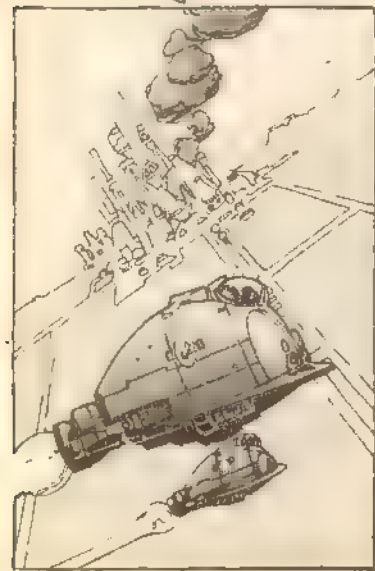
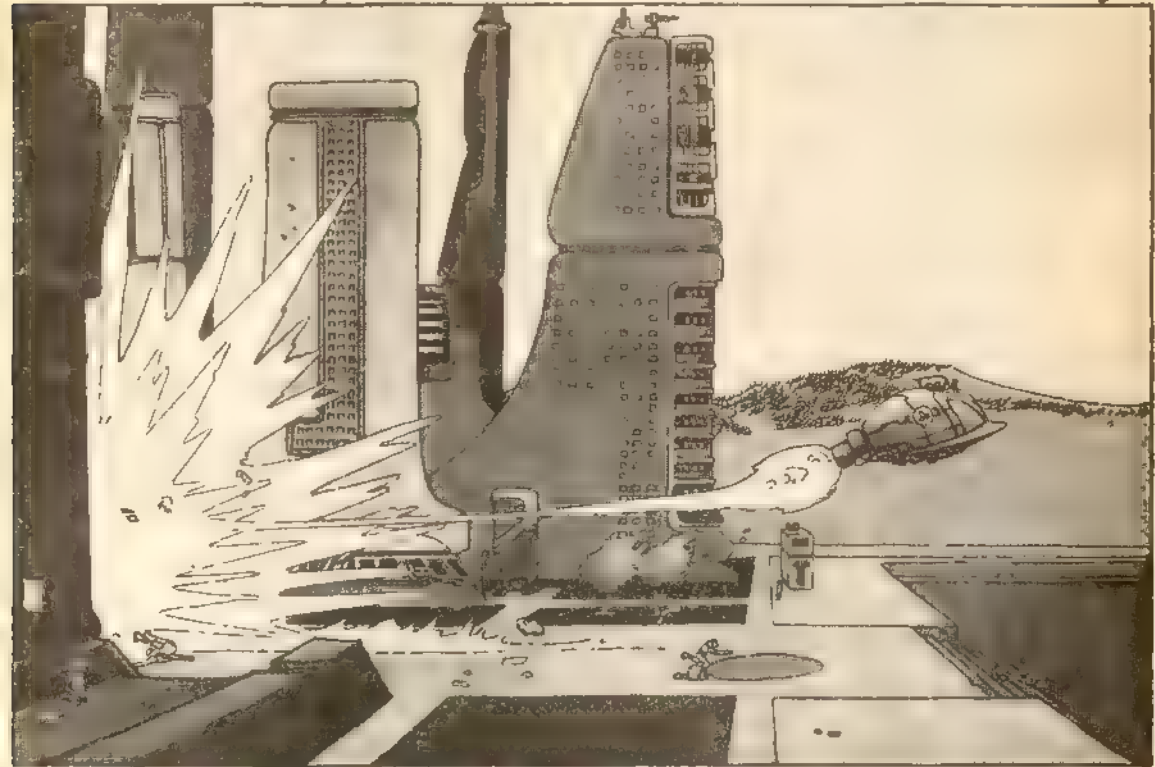
YOUSE
BETCHA!!
ARM YOUSE
CANNONS!

ARMED
AN'
READY!

VOOOOSH!!
RUM RUM RUM RUM

WAAH!!
HERE WE
GO!!

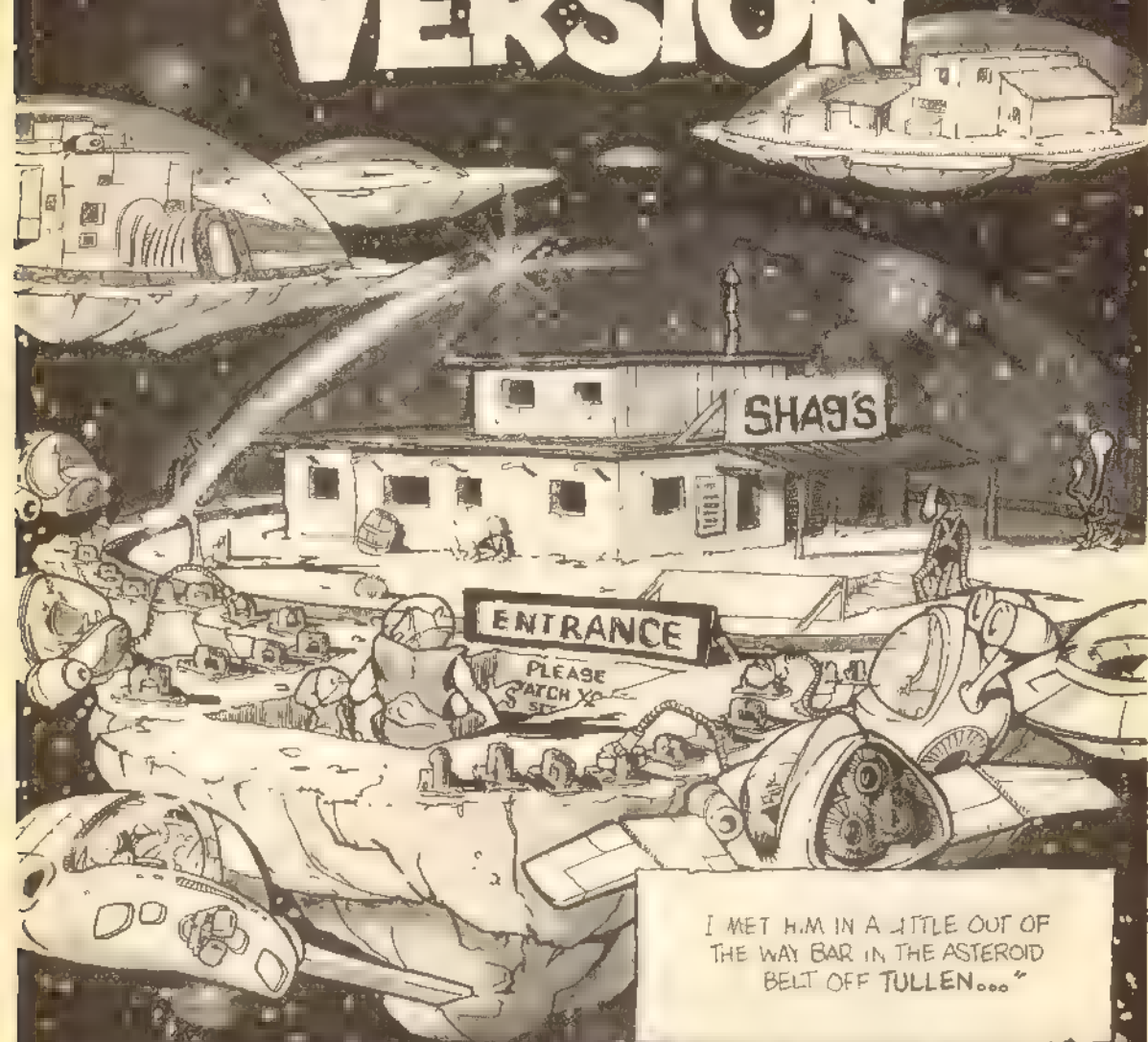




MARSHALL

HOW VARIANTS APPEAR IS A PUZZLE,
BUT EACH IS DISTINGUISHED BY
ITS FAITHFULNESS TO ITS PLACE AND TIME.
RAWL CASTZ PRESENTS
A JOURNAL OF INTERGALACTIC MYSTIQUE

THE BELLERCON VERSION



I MET HIM IN A LITTLE OUT OF
THE WAY BAR IN THE ASTEROID
BELT OFF TULLEN...

HE WAS LOOKING FOR A DRINK
AND I WAS COLLECTING MYTHS.

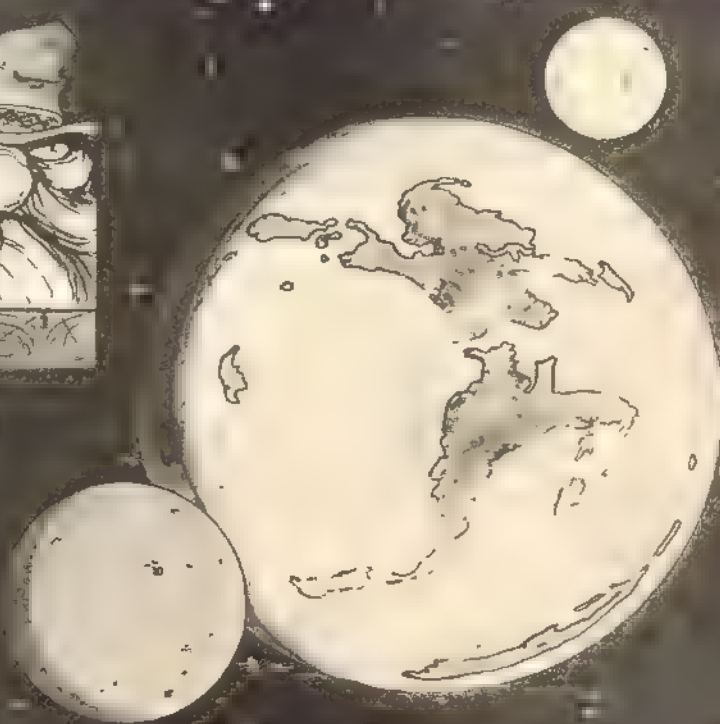
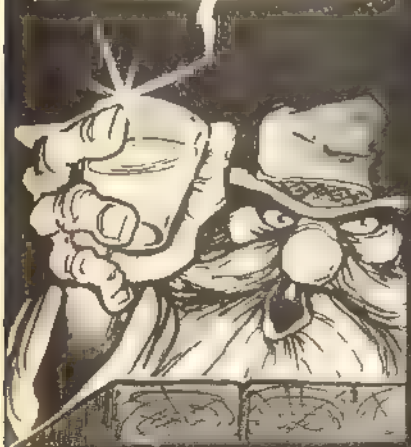
DO I KNOW
ANY WHAT?!

MYTHS! FAIRY TALES!
I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK OR
TWO IF YOU CAN TELL ME
ONE I HAVEN'T HEARD!

FAIRY TALES! WELL SON
THERE'S ONLY ONE I RECALL
AT ALL AND IT'S ONE MY
MOTHER TOLD ME TOO MANY
YEARS AGO TO THINK
ABOUT!

MY MA CALLED IT THE STORY
OF ALLORA AND LURANA
AND IT TOOK PLACE ON
THE PLANET BELLERGON...

BELLERGON WAS BLESSED WITH ONE SUN AND TWO MOONS.
THE ONE MOON WAS BLOOD-RED AND CALLED LURANA.
THE OTHER WAS WHITE LIKE SNOW OR DUST
AND WAS CALLED ALLORA.

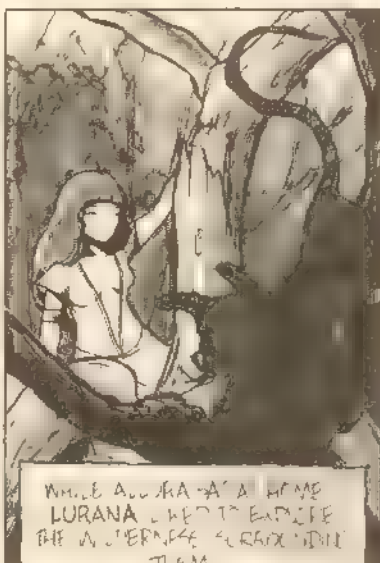


THERE WAS A WIDOW, LIVED
IN A WILDERNESS TRACT ON
BELLERJON, CALLED THE
WIDOW SKRITZ!



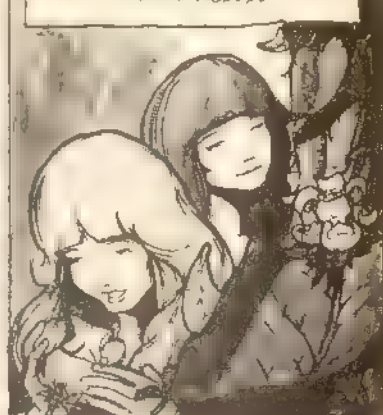
SHE HAD TWO DAUGHTERS WHO
FOR YEARS SHE HAD NAMED
AFTER HER TWO SONS.

THEY WERE BOTH VERY AND
SHEEP LIKE OF THE TWO
ALLORA WAS QUIETER AND
A BIT MORE SILENT.



WHILE ALLORA WAS AT HOME
LURANA WENT TO EXPLORE
BUT A JEROME SLEIGH 'DILL'
THEM.

NOT STRIKING OF ALL WAS THE
STRANGE EMPATHIC BOND THEY
SEEMED TO HAVE FORMED WITH
NEARLY FORTH NO THAT LIVED
IN THE WOODS.



THE MUMPHS FLURDANS AND EWDINGS ALL REFRINDENTED THEM
AND THEY WALKED WITHOUT FEAR THE END OF THE FOREST.



AT NIGHT THE WIDOW AND HER TWO
DAUGHTERS RETURNED TO THEIR HOUSE
TO READ TO EACH OTHER OR TALK
ABOUT THE TIME FOR BED.

UNTIL ONE WINTER'S NIGHT...

KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

QUICK LURANA, OPEN
THE DOOR! IT MUST BE A
TRAVELLER SEEKING SHELTER!



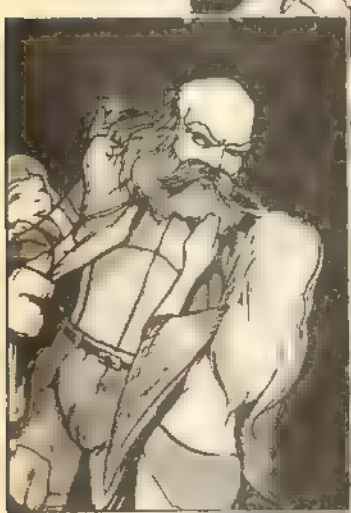
TAKE IT EASY! I'M TOO
FROZEN TO HARM ANYBODY
EVEN IF I WANTED TO. I JUST
NEED TO WARM MYSELF AWHILE!
PLEASE! I AM CALLED URSUS!



POOR "BEAST" RE! CERTAINLY!
CHILDREN DON'T FEEL
FRIGHTENED, HE'S ONLY A
POOR COLD BEAST!

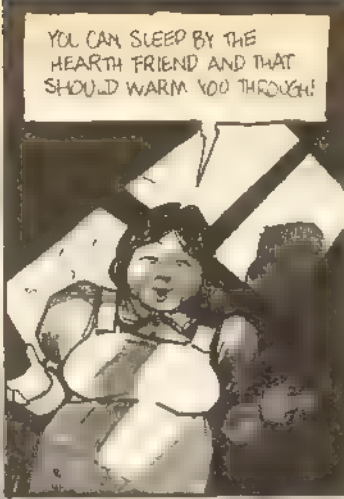


YOU CAN ALWAYS HELP ME
BRUSH "HIS SNOW OFF!"

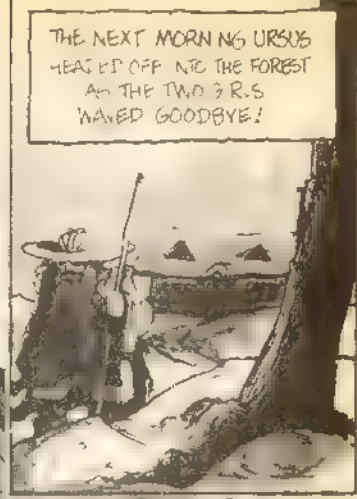


LEAVE ME ALONE MOON
WOMEN ALLORA, LLRANA
WILL YOU BEAT YOUR
LOVER DEAD?!





YOU CAN SLEEP BY THE
HEARTH FRIEND AND THAT
SHOULD WARM YOU THROUGH!



THE NEXT MORNING URSUS
HEADED OFF INTO THE FOREST
AND THE TWO GIRLS
WAVED GOODBYE!



NEXT EVENING HE
WAS BACK AGAIN.



AND SO I WENT THE
REST OF THE WINTER.



WHEN SPRING
CAME HOWEVER...



THESE ASTEROID
BARS AREN'T THE
EASIEST PLACES TO
TALK, ARE THEY?

YOU'RE TELL-
ING ME! I
REMEMBER THE
TIME ON CULTIPA-

SAVE CULTIPA!
TELL ME MORE
ABOUT URSUS!

WELL, HE LEFT!
SEEMS HE HAD TO
GUARD HIS SUP-
PLIES AND VALUABLES
FROM THE KRULTK!

"THE KRULTK WERE SENTIENT BEINGS THAT LOOKED VAGUELY LIKE A
CROSS BETWEEN A MAN AND A GEEDLE. THEY WERE MEAN (CLEAR THRU
AND THE ONLY GOOD THING YOU COULD SAY ABOUT THEM WAS THAT THEY
SLEPT ALL WINTER. THEY WERE ALSO THE ONLY CREATURES THAT THE
TWO GIRLS HAD NO EMPATHIC BOND WITH."

YOU KNOW HOW THE
KRULTK ARE: THEY STEAL
EVERYTHING THEY CAN
AND HEAR IT! THEY'RE
AT THE FOREST IN THE
SPRINGS!

ZAK!

ZOOK?

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN
TRACKING THEM TO THEIR
CAVES. I'VE TRIED, BUT I
NEED TO PROTECT THE FEW
BELONGINGS I HAVE LEFT.

DON'T
WORRY
ALORRA,
I'LL
RETURN.

GAK!

A FEW DAYS LATER THE
WIDOW SKRITZ SENT HER
DAUGHTERS TO THE FOREST
TO GATHER FIRE WOOD.



ALLORA, LOOK!



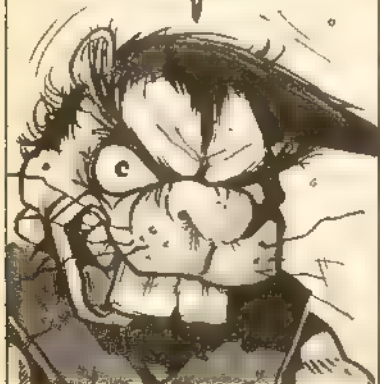
UHH!
URH!
GRUNT!



GURK!
GURK!
GURK!



WHY ARE YOU JUST
STANDING THERE?!
COME AND HELP ME!!

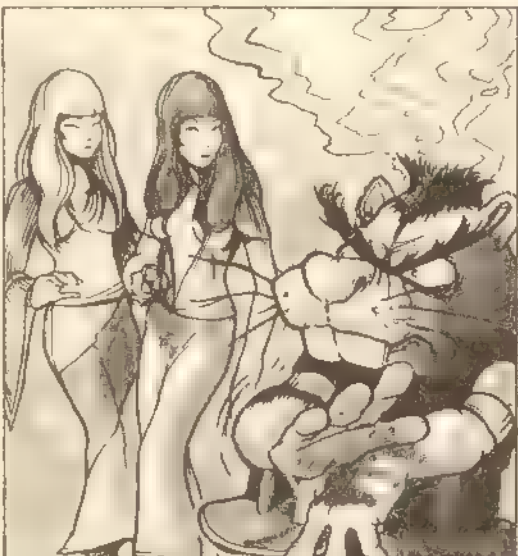


I'LL HAVE TO GO
GET SOME HELP!





HELP! THERE ARE
ALREADY TWO TOO MANY OF
YOU! THINK OF SOMETHING!!



SLICING MY HAIR WITH A
BLASTER! THE GRINK
AND HIS BROTHERS TAKE
YOU BOTH!



ACTUALLY, IT WAS THE
TREES IDEA. HE SEEMED TO
THINK IT WAS QUITE FUNNY!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS IT SEEMED EVERYWHERE THE GIRLS WENT THEY WERE RESCUING THE KRULTK FROM ONE DILEMMA AFTER ANOTHER...



BLUB*
GURGLE
GLUG!

GRRRRR!!!!

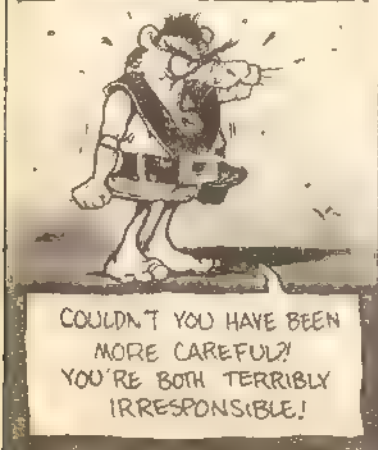
HELP!



I REALLY DON'T
NEED THIS...

THIS IS GETTING
A BIT MONOTONOUS.

...AND ALWAYS WITH THE
SAME RESULT...



COULDN'T YOU HAVE BEEN
MORE CAREFUL?
YOU'RE BOTH TERRIBLY
IRRESPONSIBLE!



...EACH TIME GATHERING
UP ANOTHER OF H.S
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS
BAGS OF TREASURE!

BUT THE GIRLS NEVER
BEGRUDGED THE HELP THEY
GAVE HIM AND GREW USED
TO HIS THANKLESSNESS.




DOES THIS GO ON
MUCH LONGER?

NO! WE'RE
REACHING THE
BIG FINALE!

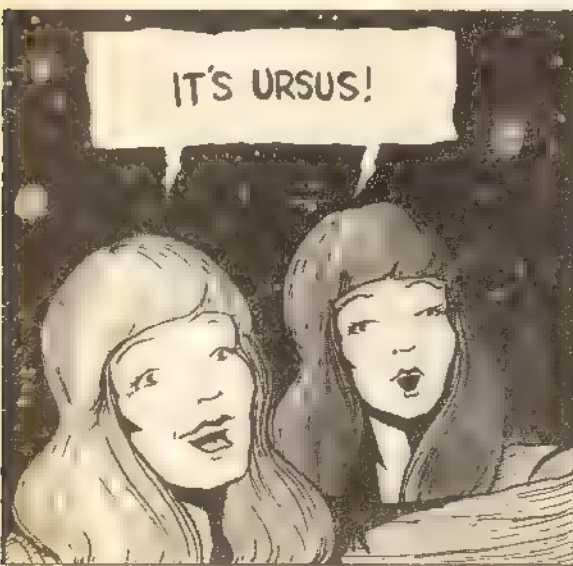
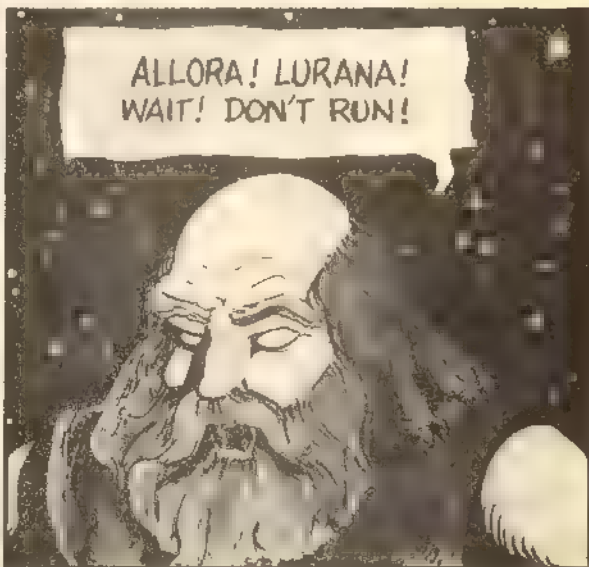
ONE NIGHT AS THE G.R.S.
RETURNED HOME ACROSS
A STRETCH OF HEATH...

WHY DO YOU STAND
GAPING THERE?!

AAHHHRRGH!!



OH MY FORDLE! SPARE ME!
PLEASE! YOU CAN HAVE ALL
THESE JEWELS!—AND THE
GIRLS! A REAL CATCH!
JUST SPARE ME!



NOW PRAY TO
FORDLE HE
STILL HAS IT!



A cartoon illustration of a person wearing a hard hat and a respirator mask, looking shocked with their mouth wide open. A speech bubble above them says "SO WHAT HAPPENED?!"

WELL, SEEMS THAT URSUS, WHOSE REAL NAME WAS PRINCE KITAI TARKLANTAN OF THE PLANET SRIDANCH, HAD BEEN IMPRISONED IN THAT SUIT AND FED, THRU TINY NEEDLES BUILT INTO THE SUIT, A CONTINUAL DOSE OF CDNR, THE SELECTIVE CENSORING DRUG.

A cartoon illustration of a space station or planet with a large 'ENTRANCE' sign. A character in a space suit is on the left, and a satellite is on the right. A large, dark, crescent-shaped object is in the background.

THE SUIT PREVENTED HIM ACTIVATING HIS SPACE SHIP BY DISTORTING BOTH HIS VOICE AND HIS FINGERPRINTS, THE MEANS BY WHICH ACCESS TO HIS SHIP WERE CONTROLLED, AND THE CDNR PREVENTED HIM TELLING ANYONE ABOUT HIS DILEMMA. ONCE HE WAS OUTSIDE THE SUIT HE WAS OKAY. THE KRULTK HAD ROBBED HIM BLIND AND LOOKED HIM IN THAT SUIT AS A KIND OF SICK JOKE, ANYWAY THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT WAS HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ALLORA AND MARRIED HER AND HIS TWIN BROTHER MARRIED LURANA.

WAK!

НКС

ORDIAN

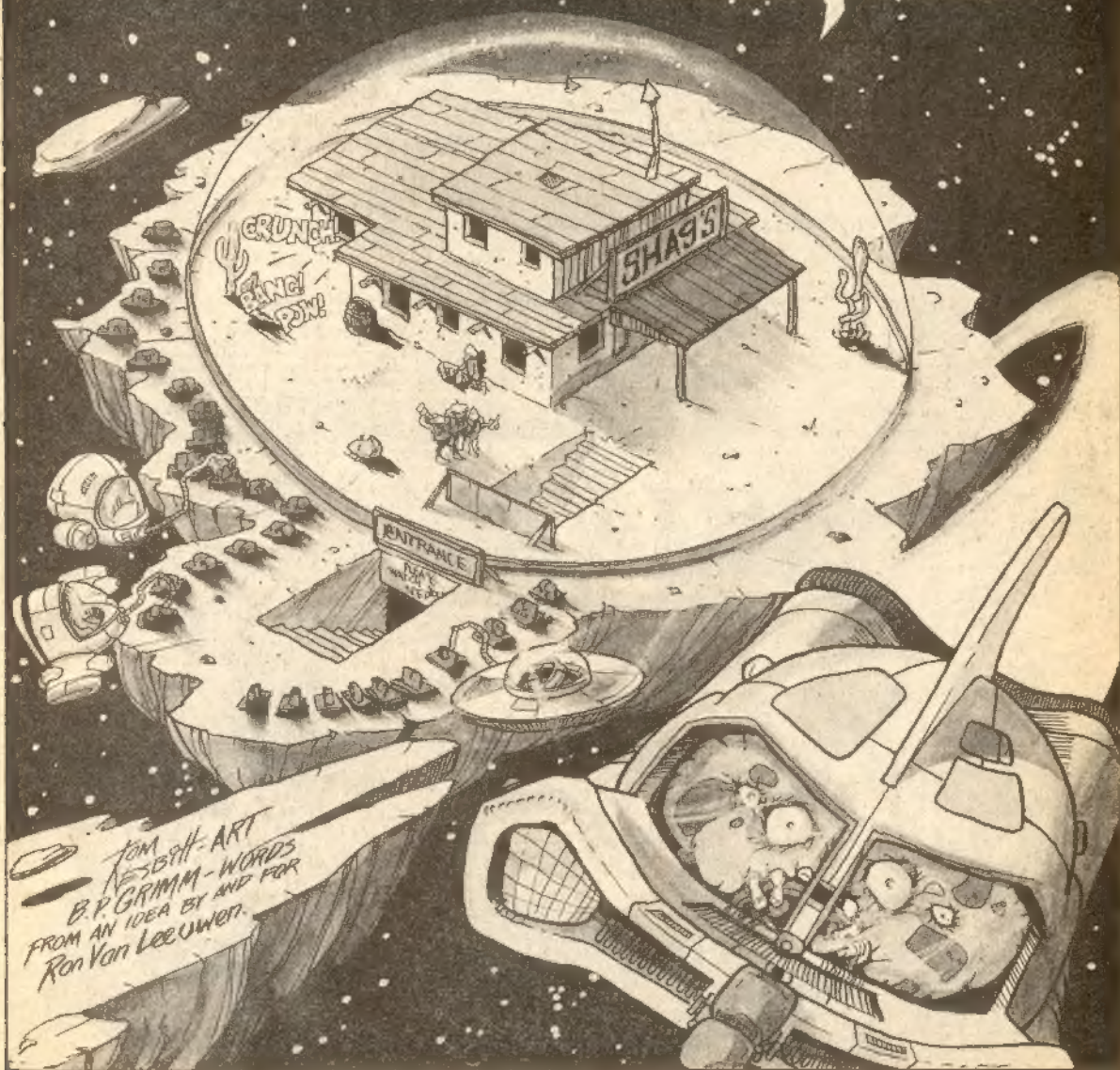
URP!
SCUSE
ME!

SOUNDS A LITTLE
TWISTED TO ME!

NOW HOLD ON A
MINUTE! NOTHING
PERSONAL! YOU UNDERSTAND!

WELL, THAT'S THE WAY MY
MOTHER TOLD IT TO ME!
AND IF YOU'RE IMPLYING
SHE WAS TWISTED—!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE
KNUCKLE JUST TO EMPHASIZE
THE POINT I'M MAKING?!

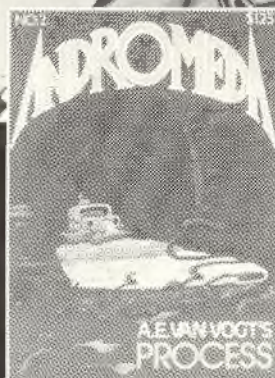


Tom of Art
B.P. GRIMM - WORDS
FROM AN IDEA BY AND FOR
Ron Van Leeuwen.

ANDROMEDA



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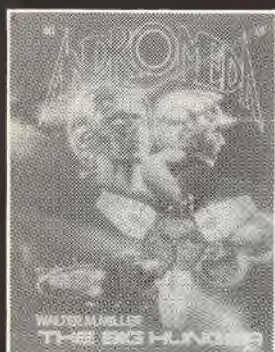
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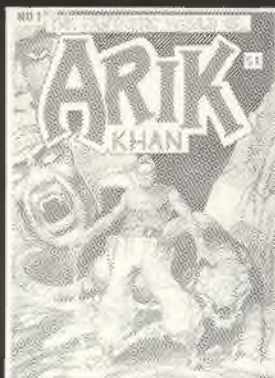
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